

THE BIRDS OF THE
CROSS

LOCKHART

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John Reade,
Poet, Journalist,
And Man
Beloved.

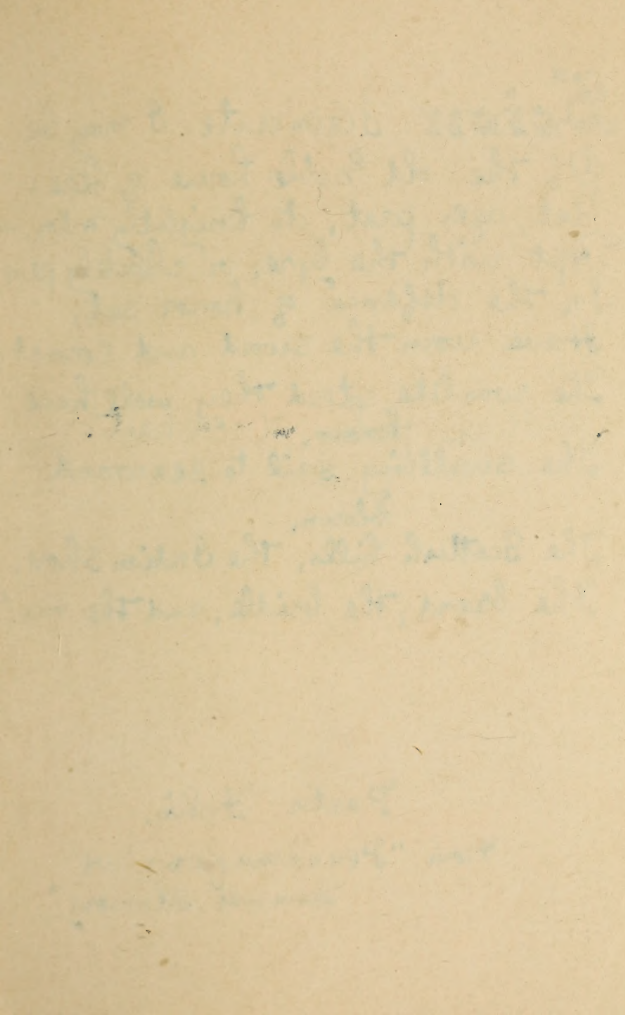
With The Friendly Greeting Of
Pastor Helix.

Winterport,
Maine.

Jan. 7th 1910.

Arthur John Lockhart.

7



Scion degenerate. I may be
Of the old noble house of Lee:
Yet, ages past, its knightly men, —
Apt with the lyre, or clerkly pen, —
In the defence of honor set,
Have worn the sword and coronet;
The warlike steed they well have
known,
The swelling sail to seaward
blown,
The Scottish hills, the Indian shore,
" **The** brand, the bridle, and the oar."

Pasta Felix.

— From "Pennamagon: A
Summer Memory."



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THE BIRDS OF THE

CROSS

AND OTHER POEMS

BY

ARTHUR JOHN LOCKHART

Author of "The Masque Of Minstrels," "Beside The
Narraguagus," "The Heart on the Sleeve,"
"The Papers of Pastor Felix,"
Etc., Etc.



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Page 148.

Doth the Evening
Star

Sound a trumpet
when it peepeth forth?

Or doth the King
Cheron

run as herald before her
when the Rose is born?

Pastor Felix.

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TO MY BROTHER,
The Rev. Burton W. Lockhart, D. D.,
OF MANCHESTER, N. H.,
I Inscribe This Volume.

*Tho' shadowy wings should darken all thy
floor,
Tho' thou must shiver in the winter cold ;
Tho' hunger enter at thy unbarred door,
And thou hast penury when thou art old ;
Tho' with a niggard hand thy bread be
doled ;
Tho' few thy pleasures, oft and keen thy
pains ;
(Yet, having love within thy bosom's fold,
While pity to thy famished heart remains ;)
If, when men suffer, thou canst feel their
throes,
And, when thou nought canst give hast yet
a tear ;
If God hath made thee sharer of Man's
woes,—
Tho' greater far thy sorrow may appear,
Thou hast a priceless gift, he cannot hold,
Whose Life is Pleasure, and whose God is
Gold.*

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THE BIRDS OF THE CROSS.

WHILE in his agony the Savior hung,
Three wandering birds alighted on His
Cross :

“ *Styrk ham ! Styrk ham ! Styrk ham !* ”
the foremost cried ;

“ Strengthen our Savior in this crushing woe ! ”
It was the Stork ; and, ever since that hour,
For strength and blessing hath that bird been
named.

Then cried the second, circling, in distress,
“ *Sval ham ! Sval ham ! Sval ham !* ” yet
again ;

“ Refresh Him ! ’tis our suffering Savior dear !
Behold Him dying ! ” ’Twas the Swallow
spake ;

And ever since that hour the sons of men
Look on the Swallow with a loving eye.

The Turtle-Dove came fluttering when she
saw

Our suffering Lord’s distress, and softly cried :

“ *Kyrie ! Oh, Kyrie ! Oh, my dying Lord !* ”

And dear the Turtle-Dove is to our heart.

The Cross-bill came, and made a loud lament,
Twisting his beak to pluck the nails away ;

And well that bird shall evermore be loved.

Then darkly swept, upon ill-omened wing,

One crying,—“ *Puen ham ! Puen ham !* ”
harsh and long ;

10 The Birds Of The Cross.

Punish and torture Him, who hangs accursed!
That Arch-deceiver, bleeding on the tree ! ”
Then off he flew : and, ever since that hour,
The Lapwing flies, a crying, evil bird,
Low over earth upon a halting wing.

Be comforted, ye sympathetic souls !
Who to the pained your consolation bring,
And to the hurt, your healing ! Joy to you,
Ye cheerful souls, who scatter wide your
cheer !

Ye pitying ones, be loved ; for ever dear
The generous spirit is to pitying man.

But woe to you, bird of the doleful cry !
And woe to you, scornful and saturnine,
Vindictive and incriminative soul,
Who makest thyself judge, and criest blame !
For thou art loved by neither God nor Man,
Nor findest mercy where thou hast not shown.

WHAT PROFIT ?

AH ! what avails to gild, to consecrate a
crime ?

What profit, all the blood-stained gold the
Destinies would grudge us,

If, after all, we die, scarred and outworn with
Time,
And God shall judge us ?

What good, at last, that we heap gain on gain,
Where woman's woe and childhood's want
with treasure have endued us;
If, at the end, there wait the everlasting pain—
The curse of Judas ?

Ah, why woo hate and wrath, instead of love?
Why vex our fellow-men, and slight our God,
and grieve him ?
Why harden more our heart, while Jesus pleads
above,—
“ Father, forgive him ! ”

THE END OF SONG.

And singing on, triumphing,
The old earth-mansion through
Out marches the last minstrel;—
He is the last man, too.

ANASTATIUS GRUN.

☉ F SONG'S divine succession sweet,
Say, can there ever be an end ? —
Apollo's golden reign complete,
The Muse's latest sonnet penned ?
Nay, not while rosy Morning breaks,
While Evening bathes her wings in dew;
Not while from slumber Love awakes,
And Heaven again makes all things new.
Not till the Spring no more returns,
And hushed is Robin's cheery note,

12 The Birds Of The Cross.

And no man more of Summer learns
From Bob-o'-Lincoln's madcap throat.
Not while the Bluebird's carol still
From winter thrills our greening vale;
Not while we know our Whip-poor-will,
Or England's Lark and Nightingale.
Because our Shakespeare lies in dust,
Because our Milton sings no more,
Fails Song's supreme, immortal trust,—
Is her harmonious mission o'er ?
By all the passion of our heart,
By all our yearnings, all our dreams,
Suns may decline, and suns depart,—
Still on the sacred lustre streams.
Still Music lives for waking ears,
Still Beauty glows for opening eyes :
The bard, the minstrel, disappears,—
The race of poets never dies.

AH ! THEN ?

WHEN God the dust of my heart shall
take
His Rose and His Violet to make,
My Soul, that dearer is to Him,
Shall brighten 'mid His Cherubim.

THE DIFFERENCE.

HOWE'ER we deem of *this* or *that*, yet
know,
Much we t' Opinion, much to Custom
owe.

See ! yon Zenana-woman, passing by,
Veiled, yet disrobed almost unto the thigh,
Burns with the sense of shame at the disgrace
Of her uncovered English sister's face ;
While the pale lady, in austere dismay
To meet her thus upon the public way,
Exclaims,--- "How dares she thus abroad to
 roam !

Why don't she dress herself, or stay at home?"

THE CANADA-BIRD.

NOW the sweet-scented Cherry is snowing,
And red the Maple-keys are growing,
And golden the Dandelion is blowing,
I listen to hear the silence stirred
By the—*sweet, sweet Canada-bird.*

Other birds are here, and their song is sweet,
But the voices of Spring are not complete
Till we hear him his golden notes repeat ;—
Most liquid note ear ever heard,
Of the—*sweet, sweet, Canada-bird.*

O the world seems dark, and the range seems
 narrow
Of our life when the wintry winds do harrow ;
But 'tis changed with the note of the first
Song-Sparrow !

Our boundless, far-away dreams are stirred
By the—*sweet, sweet, Canada-Bird.*

His silver clarion exalts the day,
And his music charmeth evening away,—

14 The Birds Of The Cross.

Ay, night is broken by his glad lay !
As if he could never enough be heard—
Our—*sweet, sweet, Canada-Bird.*

NIAGARA.

Will it be a Niagara of wheel-pits and tail-races and
factory-wastes ?

J. HORACE Mc FARLAND.

GE VENERABLE WATERS ! that declaim
Of hoar Antiquity and deeds remote,
And from the hollow of that thundrous
throat

Breath'st thought to put our shallow schemes
to shame !

Before the Norsemen or Columbus came

Westward across th' untried Atlantic wave ;
Ay, ere the Red Sea saw the guiding Flame

That led the hosts of Israel, thou didst rave
With thy eternal tongue of fuming waters !

And shall the mongering hand of heedless
men

With scornful touch thy loveliness disdain ?
Arise ! ye beauty-loving sons and daughters !

The Sovereign Spirit of this vocal glen
Shall give you thanks out of his awful fane !

WHY WAR ?



H, MEN ! wherefore
Red-handed War ?

Must West and East

Haste to prepare
The Raven's feast ?

O Brothers ! Say,
What need of fray ?
The Christmas Chimes
Forbid, to-day,
This first of crimes !
For what Gold Fleece
Break the World's peace ?
Let Argo's sail,
In Gaul, or Greece,
For Love avail.

Peace, broodingly
Hold land and sea !
On sea and shore,
Let brothers be
Forevermore.

O tongue ! be still,
That bodest ill !
The bitter Star
Flames with wild will
In wasting War !

Say, Britain ! Say,
America !
Will ye be friends ?
A royal YEA !
From heaven descends.

Say, Germany !
And thou, Cathay !

16 *The Birds Of The Cross.*

And thou, Japan !
I hear ye say,—
We WILL ! We CAN !

SONG.

COME, ye who love Nature, and ye who
 love Truth,
And ye who renew the bright visions of
 youth,

Who dream not of Sea and of Forest in vain,
Come, seek the bold shores and green islands
 of Maine.

Chorus :

Come, Come, O ye weary ones, come !
There's balm in the winds and the waters of
 Maine.

Ye brain-weary ones, pent in cities so long,
Come, revel in meadows of Summer and Song;
Wild rocks of Mavooshen by surfy seas chid,
And all the delights of the calm Pemaquid.

Chorus :

Come, Come, O ye weary ones, come !
And rest in the bosom of calm Pemaquid.
Come, pensive and gay ones, come, youthful
 and old,
Here are treasures uncounted, unpurchased of
 gold ;
The glow of glad cheeks by the Sea's heaving
 plain,
The light of glad eyes 'mid the wild woods of
 Maine.

Chorus :

Come, Come, O ye weary ones, come,
There's balm in the winds and wild waters
of Maine.

We will come, sweet Mavooshen, obeying your
call !

You have lasting delights, you have pleasures
for all ;

To your bright falling river, your ocean-beat
shore,

The hearts of your children must turn ever-
more.

Chorus :

Come, Come, weary one, come !

The heart of Mavooshen gives welcome,
once more.

BLIND EYES.

TYRANT and Demagogue refuse to see
The Star that ruled their fortune blaze
and fall ; *empire*

They madden, while the hand of Destiny
Writes, "*Mene, Tekel*," on their palace
wall.

A TOAST

FOR THE 25TH OF JANUARY.

WHILE Helios rules the morning sky,
While Cynthia leads the hosts of night,
While a tear circles in the eye,

While smiles make human faces bright;
 While blows the daisy, blooms the thorn,
 While day or night can pleasure give,
 While human hearts exult or mourn,
 While Joy and Song and Laughter live ;
 While wakes the love of all things things
 fair,
 While hate of wrong within us—BURNS!
 Lift Hope's bright glass against Despair,
 And let our Toast be, *Robin Rare*,
 As often as the Day returns.

THE BIRTH OF MUSIC.*

WHEN and where was Music born ?
 When the Gods, on one great morn,
 Gave to man a heart of fire,—
 Love, with infinite desire.
 Ages long Love wandered dumb,
 Dreaming of the time to come,
 Till the strong Gods, quit of wrong,
 Crowned her loveliness with Song.

OH, MY !

YOUNG CLERICUS, so delicate is he,
 So ostentatious of his modesty,
 He thinks the coldest Venus far too warm,
 And scarlet blushed at Psyche's marble
 form ;
 He dubs Laocoon an image vile—oh!

* These verses were written by my brother, Rev. Burton Wellesley Lockhart, D. D., of Manchester, N. H.

And gives an extra fig-leaf to the Milo.
'Tis his prerogative to call attention ;
But—*there are things, you know, we
should not mention.*

ON LINEKIN.

Went to Linekin. The guests are gone, and my gentle scholar, musician, and fellow-poet gone with them. The beautiful scene is under a subdued light, as if a soul in nature mused over sombre legends, and the soft autumn sky is like a tympanum or great gray sounding-bell. Yonder, the Baker cottage looks solitary indeed. In his home at Troy he ponders these frequent clear, delicious October days, and would fain spend them here. I can fancy the neat, trim cheerful man of greenest age, almost boyishly affected in the memory of summer days spent here, executing a quickstep among his books, with a movement some thing like this.—JOURNAL OF PASTOR FELIX.

WHEN we were down on Linekin,
On Linekin, on Linekin,
When we were down on Linekin,
On Linekin, Linekin-lea,
Then the welkin was clearest, cleanest,
And the vernal grass gleamed greenest,
And evening fell serenest,
And the sun like a glowing ember
Was tangled in the tree,—
When we were down on Linekin,—
And oh, how blest were we!

When we were down on Linekin,
On Linekin, on Linekin,
When we were down on Linekin,
On Linekin, Linekin lea,

O then the songs were so many,
And the fields were so sweet and sunny,
And our hearts were blithe as any,
 And the world was so fair,—so fair!
When we were down on Linekin,
 And Summer days were there.

When we were down on Linekin,
 On Linekin, on Linekin,
When we were down on Linekin,
 On Linekin, Linekin lea,
There was smiling and rejoicing,
That wind and wave were voicing,
Where brightsails were veering and passing,
 And like a maiden's tresses
 Flowed the glory of the sea,
When we were down on Linekin,—
 And oh, how blest were we !

THE WAY OF LIFE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

Johan Wolfgang Von Goethe, the illustrious poet of Germany, was initiated into Masonry on St John's Eve, in 1780. In 1830 the Masons of Weimar celebrated his Semi-Centennial ; and the venerable Companion was pleased to honor them with a mark of his esteem in the form of a poetical composition.

HOW typical the Mason's ways
Of human life through changeful days!
Therein an analogue appears
Of his persistence, while the years
Speed on to that eternal state
Forewritten in our mortal fate.

A misty sea, the Future hides
Of joy and woe the changeful tides;
But we will press straightforward still,
To meet its thronging good and ill ;
By all unswerved, undaunted, so
We to our goal may forward go.

And just before, in silent gloom,
Stands the veiled portal of the tomb ;
For high and low it doth await,—
The end of human pomp and state :
Where'er we pause, or onward fare,
We know our march is ended there.

In vain we ask, with yearning fond,
The form of that which lies beyond :
Interrogate them, as we will,
The stars on high are silent still ;
Silent the graves, nor make reply
The dearest lips therein that lie.

While thou dost stand, with eager gaze,
Come deep foreboding and amaze ;
Illusive and phantasmal forms
Disturb thy bosom with alarms :
By doubts and strange misgivings vexed,
Even the bravest are perplexed.

But hear, O Comrade ! and rejoice,
The Poet's and the Sage's voice !
From all the world, and from all time,
Come their high messages sublime :

*Choose well ; your choice, though
brief it be,
Is endless as Eternity.*

Majestic Eyes do you regard,
And keep perpetual watch and ward :
Therefore, brave heart, on Heaven rely ;
His fullness waits to satisfy :
The Good that Is, your faith shall share ;
Work, love, and hope, and ne'er despair.

THE CHAMPION.

AN ODE ON ROBERT BURNS.

AVAUNT ! ye spectral forms that start
From Fear's dread thickets and lone hills,
Like bandits, to waylay the heart !
And ye, more frightful nor less shadowy Ills,
Whose bruit the world with terror fills—
Gaunt Famine, purple Plague, red War,
and all
The evils that our kind befall !
What Genius, swift, armipotent,
Mastered by one divine intent,
(Like Him, who rose in Galilee,)
Shall grapple with these Ghosts, and set their
victims free ?

Yet not the Unseen Powers alone,
On Earth their fateful measures pour ;
For Man will make his fellow groan,
With lust of blood and golden ore ;

Nor ravin, fraud, intrigue, and blight,
Are deeds alone of Turk or Muscovite.

Ah! who shall vanquish, or restore?
Who shall the Spoiler curb and dispossess?
Who shall bring back unto his right once more
The Thrall and Brother whom he would oppress?

Earth waits her champion long—*so long!*
The Soul, most gentle, yet most strong;
The One, puissant, firm and wise,
Who from the People shall arise,
To flash the lightning of Truth's blade,
And lead the last triumphant, grand Crusade,
For our humanity by foes beset.
He shall be one by suffering taught to feel,
Till a heroic love it doth beget
To make him Master of the Commonweal.

So let him, angel-like, appear!
Earth long has waited—she is waiting yet:
But when he comes he shall reveal
The dawn of her millennial year.

But One there was, of power and worth,
Whom the high Gods armed and sent forth;
Soldier of Song and Priest of Love, was he,
Who blew his golden trumpet in the North,
And gave their watchword who still hope to see
The liberation of Humanity.

His blade was Song,—its edge you feel,
As swift as light, as keen as steel;

24 The Birds Of The Cross.

And where it pointed, where it swept the way
The happier legions march to-day,
And climb the sunlit heights of Weal.

Oh, happiest Bard! most blest, for all thy woe!
Richest in joy, puissant in each throe
Of thy vicarious agony, thou art!
Immortal Youth! in Scotia's morning glow
Thou roseate standest, lifting every heart,
And every place gives open door to thee:
Cottage and palace claim thee now,
And men of high and low degree
Live in the light of thy victorious brow.

What Soul of Song is source of ampler cheer!
When thou dost at our feasts appear,
And Mirth and Music rule the hour,
The Winged Sisters cluster near,
And hastening Time will pause to own thy
power.

Then will thy Brethren rise, without delay,
And reach to thee the hand, and say,—
“Welcome! thou tiller of the soil,
Whom Moss-giel's furrowed acres knew!
Thy soul, but not thy hand, is rich with spoil:
What great thing is it thou art come to do?”

So might we hail thee, could'st thou come
From the long dust of Dumfries' tomb,
Warm, radiant, in thy youthful bloom;
With, not the simple wreath that Coila shed,

But Time's large laurel on thy head,
And thine the splendor Song's high Masters
may presume.

At sight of thy majestic eyes
Will not Fame's Senate all arise ?
At sound of thine inspiring voice
Will not all hearts leap and rejoice ?
Thou ever hast the surest way
Of saying what our hearts would say ;
And morning-dreams of youth return
With Bonnie Doon and Bannockburn.

We hear majestic voices that complain,—
The thralls inglorious of titanic pain ;
Hyperion, hurled from his throne ;
And he, denied the light, with frenzied brain,
Where Phlegethon flows on with an unending
moan.

And some, exalted high with star and sun,
Dwell with the mountains and the seas alone,
And flourish in the endless course they run.

O mighty Spirits! born of flame
And whirlwind, speak ye whence ye came!
We glow and tremble at your tones ;
Your mighty shadows throng the skies ;
What raptures lighten your glad eyes,
What dolours darken, and what cries
Break with the burden of infinities,—
Promethean laughter, and Promethean groans.
But you, ye ever-glorious train!

26 The Birds Of The Cross.

Draw sweet from e'en the bitter waves of grief,
From biting frosts renew your greenest leaf,
And purest pearls distil from cankering pain:
 From idolons of darkness ye
Evolve all shapes of grace and majesty ;
 Suns break out of your darkest frowns ;
 From your Caucasian torture-thrones
 Angels of music and of light
 Smiling descend: Jove's malison
May trebly smite them; bloom, as well as blight,
 Cometh their bolt-scarred brows upon;
 Till, lo! each fire-stricken one
 Unveils to Man a beatific sight !
 They agonize with sweet despair,
 Vast as the glory of their night ;
Their crowns august they calmly, brightly wear,
 As all their anguish were delight.
 Rapt, far aloof we scan each face :—
 These are the Titans of our race,
Who by high songs and mighty thoughts are
 known ;
But *One* there is whose language is our own.

Thine icy peak, Prometheus, we dare,
If Aeschylus, the bold, will lead us there;
Exult, with Homer, in tempestuous seas,
Or weep with warm Euripides ;
With the unweilers of Tartarean woe,
 Down to the shadowy world we go,
And, with pale Maro, softly tread
 The awful mansions of the dead ;

Or listen to his voice of dread,
And brave the splendors of our own Maonides;
Or bear with him majestic part,
And glow at his unrivalled art,—
Shakespeare, great scribe and master of the
heart !

Or we may scan the lurid glooms
That the Dantean muse presumes ;
Or mount with him where starry circles rise,
To that most perfect of Celestial blooms,
The mystic Rose of Paradise.

Yet, hark ! there sounds from lowlier ground,
a tone,

So sweetly human !—this we own ;
No thunder of the Jovian rod,
Nor groan of the crushed demigod,
Nor plaint of martial hero overthrown.
Ah, Burns ! when once thy hand is on the string,
When once we hear thy clarion voice outring,
There sounds a note we well may know—
That burden of the Common People's woe :
Lamenting now, that lot forlorn
Whereto the toiling race is born,
While tyrant lords consume, as rightful spoil,
The fruitage of their painful toil ;
And now, exulting with the joy
Of hearts that nothing can annoy,—
Like leaping waters—Laverock shouting high,
With rapture of a sun-bright destiny ;
The Oracle and Advocate

Of those who have no language, *hear!*
Their moan his music can translate,
Till sheep and dogs as human kind appear.
His heart was wide and warm enough to shield
The creatures crying from the field;
And mouse and hare are understood,
True fellows of one brotherhood.
For oft he knew the evil hour,
With bird and beast, and tree and flower.
How piercingly he can express
Man's indignation, Man's distress !
Yet, when his mounting soul is free
From its great gloom and heaviness,
That purest ærial strain of native minstrelsy !

O Voice of Nature ! Voice of Burns !
Back to its earliest love my wandering heart
returns,
And finds no Singer with a spell like thine.
Who can forget what once from thee he learns,
Or miss that soul-enkindling spur divine !
Convivial Souls must turn to thee,—
A flower fresh-blown, a fountain free,—
Music and Love's epitome !
When Memory's sunset-censer burns,
When Joy with morning's beam returns,
When Hope is springing from each spire and
spray,
When Sorrow weeps with Autumn gray ;
When Winter tempests whirl the snows,
When wakes the Daisy, blooms the Rose;

When cronies round the evening fire
With olden songs their hearts inspire,
And give themselves to mirth and rhyme,
As in that glowing elder time ;
They can but turn, at feeling's springtide flood,
To thee, great Soul! Bard of true Brotherhood!
Whoever findeth thee receives
The best that genial Nature gives :
Thou bringest rain and evening dew,
The odor of the hawthorn flower,
The screaming of the wild curlew,
The songster of the roseate bower,—
Love's eloquent, persuasive power.
Thou givest what is artless, native, true :
The things most rare in poesy,
Most rich in life,—all, all are met in thee !
For Love's first Oracle art thou :
Could Lesbian Sappho's eyes have looked be-
yond
Her age to thine, she would have owned thy
plough,
And been of thee, and not of Phaon, fond :
Anacreon, from his laureat brow,
Had laid his tribute at thy feet,—
His song less varied and less sweet.
That thrilling pipe which woke the Delphian
vale,
When found by thee, and blown—*thou* know-
est how—
So wondrously, so charmingly,
In Coila's ear, on Caledonian lea,

To melt our bosoms it can never fail.
Such was thy love and such thy matchless flame,
The Sons of Scotia canonize thy name ;

For thou and Nature art at one,
And thou thy Country's well-beloved son.
With unforgotten joy Earth still rejoices,
And seems to speak of thee with all her thousand voices.

Thy tomb hath now become a shrine
To which all pilgrim-feet incline ;
Because thy siren-songs go forth,
To give enchantment to the earth,
Where'er hills rise, or rivers run,
Or swelling oceans glimmer in the sun.

So for thy sake we love to stray
By howlet-haunted Alloway,
At eve, or Afton in the sultry noon,
By Lugar. or by Ballochmyle, delay,
Once more the Daisy at our heart to lay,
And pluck the wilding Rose of Doon.

Tenderest, thy Song, loved Bard ! when to our
homes

The Angel pale, with drooping Sorrow, comes ;
For thou, when falls upon our path the eve
Of mortal woe, canst grieve with those who
grieve.

Ours is the soothing strain when thou dost
mourn

For gentle Mary, or for good Glencairn :
Thine elegiac lay doth thee endear,

The soothing note is good to hear.
Softly thou tread'st where angels lull
Our sainted and our beautiful ;
Thou keep'st, 'mid Autumn's fading bloom,
Thine anniversary of the tomb :
Where Nith's memorial waters flow
Thou hast thy vigil, lone and low,
Till morning dew has fallen on thy brow,
And wakens in thy heart the lover's holy vow :
Thy Soul takes tribute of a star,
Or pitying Mary's smile beams on thee from
afar.

Rise ! beauteous Orb of Song ! Assoiling space
All, save thy lustre, shall efface,—
That spotless garment, ever worn
When thou would'st greet the early morn :
Let golden be that disc, once gray ;
Let spot and shadow pass away.
Unveil the brightness of thy face,
O Soul ! arisen to Music's prime,
Where thy illustrious brothers climb,—
Though few may ever reach that glorious place.
Still sing, and sing, and sing, and ever sing !
Warble in thine eternal Spring,
Where woe and wrong, thou knew'st of yore,
May never, never reach thee more :
Sing ! and Song's Champion ever be,
To guard the gates of Liberty ;
Nor ever lose thine earnest sense,
E'en in the halls of Dalliance ;—

Move with the swiftness of the roe,
Or Alpine torrents in their flow!

For thee the Destinies decreed
The palm of strength and certainty and speed!

Shout! ye wing'd spirit of the cloud!

Thunder! thou foamy mountain fall!

Here rings a voice more sweet, more loud,
And here is rapture more than all!

OVER THE HILLS WHERE SPICES GROW.



NE song can soothe me when I grieve,—

It is the song of a Sabbath eve:

My Father's manly voice outrings,

And with him my sainted Mother sings,—

*"Fly, like a youthful hart or roe,
Over the hills where spices grow."*

Remote and high, the air is still,

And the sun is sinking behind the hill;

And, below dark woods, with a tint of rose,

The Basin* lies in its white repose:

Then away on the wings of Song we go,

Over the hills where spices grow.

They dwell on many a sacred lay,

The Ages will not wear away;

"Dundee," "Balerna," wake the spell,

Or *"Ocean's"* billowy accents swell;

But one gives Song unhindered flow,

Over the hills where spices grow.

Humming the sweet familiar air,

My Father sits in his rocking-chair,

* Basin of Minas, King's County, N. S.

When the meal is over that closes the day,
While the dishes are washed and put away,
Till my Mother comes, and Joy's bugles
blow,

"Over the hills where spices grow."

O ye, whose hearts are needing cheer,
The gracious invitation hear !

*"Come, my beloved, haste away,
Cut short the hours of thy delay ;
Fly like a youthful hart or roe,
Over the hills where spices grow."*

The years will bring, as they have brought,
Sorrow and care and anxious thought ;
The dusty clods our hearts o'erlay ;
But we will brush them all away,
Fleeting like "*youthful hart or roe
Over the hills where spices grow.*"

O Songs, by God and Angels given !
O Songs, that lift our hearts to Heaven !
O Songs, that open from past years,
The founts of memory and of tears !
Your moving sway, or swift or slow,
Is "*Over the hills where spices grow.*"

O rapt ones, in the sunset glow !
Your voices blend no more below ;
But, Memnon-like, in Memory's dawn,
The happy strain goes sounding on ;
And your glad steps now bounding go,
"*Over the hills where spices grow.*"

And, by and by, in some glad year,
 When our last sunset falleth clear,
 And we our fair home-waters see
 Transfigured rare and goldenly,
 O then will we together go,
"Over the hills where spices grow."

PRESUMPTION.

PRESUMPTION walks with upraised head;
 God's ire
 It recks not, forward moving : Suddenly,
 Down-darts the livid, all-consuming fire,
 From its undreaded ambush in the sky.

WHEN IN THE MAPLE TREES.

WHEN in the maple trees
 Robins shall sing,
 When in the scented breeze
 Hammocks shall swing ;
 When fields are daisy-fair,
 Sweet birds chant everywhere,
 Sing we some tender air—
 Touch the light string.
 Ours the siesta, then,
 'Mid the hushed noon ;
 Wanderings by grove or glen,
 At morning boon :
 Ah, then the long delights,
 Thro' dreamy days and nights,
 With laughing, fairy-flights,
 Under the moon !

Silently, tenderly,
Twilight draws near ;
Lo ! in the sunset sky
Swims her star clear :
Hark ! thro' the open door,
Music's melodious score
Floats downward to the shore,
Charming the ear !

Now let the banjo hum,
'Neath the stars' sheen ;
Light-footed maidens come,
Tripping the green ;
So, gently gliding by,
Dream-wing'd, the hours shall fly,
Till all the morning sky
Golden is seen.

“‘COURAGE’ ! HE SAID. ”

THE note of Courage sound, the note of
Cheer,
Clear let the signal ring from slope to
slope,
Till all the vales and mountain-tops shall
hear,
And answer to the bugle-call of Hope.

THE CALL OF THE SEA.

TREES ! your breezy tops uplifting,
O brooklet, that laughest by !
O rosy clouds, that at dawn are drifting
Across a perfect sky !

Ye blooms, by my garden walks unfolding
Your bosoms, glad and gay,
Ye cannot longer my heart be holding,
For I must be up and away!

For the Sea ! oh, the Sea !

The Sea, so deep and strong !

The Sea ! the Sea ! the Sea !

It calls me all day long.

Then come, my friend, my comrade dearest,
Whose mirth is mixed with mine,

Who when I grieve art ever nearest,
With smiles and tears of thine ;

And come, my own, my gentle lover,
For dalliance ne'er delay ;

The hour of kisses and dreams is over,
And I must be up and away !

For the Sea ! etc.

For your sheenest page, O my sweetest
Poet,

When you give it to Summer and Song,
There's a glorious theme, did ye but know it,

Where the whitening billows throng !

Tho' purple the hills in the haze of even,

And sweet the vale with flowers,

Tho' my garden be bright with the dews
of heaven,

Through all night's starriest hours ;—

Yet, the Sea ! etc.

BRIGHT WERE THE HOURS.

BRIGHT were the hours, and our hearts
were glad and gay,
Fair are the scenes. and they beckon us
away ;

Gentle and kind are the happy hearts we know ;
Then back again, when Summer comes, O let
us go !

CHORUS :

We're coming ! we're coming, where the
waves of Ocean flow !

To old Mavooshen's haunted shores again we'll
go.

Free as the winds, and as the waters free,
Free as the birds, for a little while we'll be ;
Ply ball and bat, bid the little boatie row,
Or spread at eve the shining sail as white
as snow.

CHORUS :

We're coming, etc.

Then will we go, to remember we were blest,
One to the East, and another to the West ;
But there shall be a light Care's cloud amid,—
A shining lure to lead us back to Pemaquid.

CHORUS :

We're coming, etc.

FAITH'S VOYAGER.

“**I** CARE not how the wind may blow ! ”
So sang Faith's Voyager, one day ;
'Twas in the Summer's golden glow,

When sleeping seas his keel delay :
Why should I fret if waves are still?

Why hasten till He bids me go ?
To linger is my Father's will,
And I am glad to have it so.

"I care not how the winds may blow" !
Erecting still a dauntless form,
Hesang, when white the seas with foam,
Smit by the Angel of the Storm:

"Why startle that the waves run high ?
Why blanch because the wind is wild?
My Father holds them—He is nigh,
And He can answer for His child.

"I care not how the winds may blow !"
O Mariner! Death's form doth sweep
Between ye and the land ye love,
And dark and lonely lies the deep:
Yet sang he: "Let the billows flow,
Their roaring gulfs before me flee;
My Father wills to have it so,
And *that* shall be enough for me."

MIGRATION.

He guides me and the bird.

BROWNING'S Paracelsus.

SHALL I not find the way? shall I not hear
And know the summons, when my Lord
doth call?

When that must come to me that comes to
all,

Shall not Time's ancient mystery be clear?

The Swallow knows, before the fading year
 To lift her wing against the shadowy North;
 The wild Swan knows his time, and sallies
 forth,
 Before the snows and sleety blasts appear;
 The Salmon hears its voice in the lone pool
 Among the hills, and pants for the deep Sea:
 Shall I not hear His voice who calls for me?
 The meaner creatures err not: Thou shalt school
 My heart and train my spirit; Thou shalt
 lead
 My Soul from Death's deep shadow, at her
 need.

LISTEN, O LAND !



ISTEN, O Land !

To mine augury of fame:
 What august Eye hath scanned
 Thy broad States, nobly planned!
 What lips have spoken thy name,—
 CANADA!

Wake, and arise!

Thou shalt be great and free:
 Behold ! the shadows appear
 Of a race in high career
 To an unwrought destiny,—
 CANADA!

Listen, O Shores!

O Mountain, and Plain, and Sea!
 Ye peoples who here abide,

What marvels are prophesied,
 What hopes are cherished of thee,—
 CANADA!

Listen, O Land!
 Rise, and the word fulfil !
 Let Destiny strike the hour
 When thy life-tree shall break in flower,
 At the height of thy noblest will,—
 CANADA !

GEORGE MARTIN.

GLADNESS was thine! Of all the Sons of
 Song
 None ever hailed me with a cheerier voice;
 Thou could'st rejoice with him who did rejoice,
 Or, standing Sorrow's weeping ones among,
 Could'st shed the furtive tear. To scan the page
 On which thy lines irregular were traced,
 Unseen by thy dim eyes,—'tis still to taste
 Friendship's rare wine. The rhyme, the prov-
 erb sage,
 The mirthful sally,— each bespoke to me,
 Beyond all change, all doom or destiny,
 A generous nature, manly and robust.
 Would I again might see thee as of old !
 Ah, would th' long, lonely silence thou couldst
 break!
 But that benignant hand which once would take
 The pen, beneath Mount Royal's leafy gold
 Is lying pulseless in the silent dust.

ACADIE.

LIKE mists that round a mountain gray
Hang for an hour, then melt away,
So I, and nearly all my race,
Have vanished from my native place.

Each haunt of boyhood's loves and dreams
More beautiful in fancy seems;
Yet, if I to those scenes repair,
I find I am a stranger there.

O thou beloved Acadie !
How, whensoever I think of thee,
Dull grow these skies 'neath which I range,
And all the summer hills are strange.

Yet sometimes I discern thy gleam
In sparkles of the chiming stream;
And sometimes speaks thy haunting lore
The foam-wreathed Sibyl of the shore.

And sometimes will mine eyes incline
To hill or wood that seems like thine;
Or, if the robin pipeth clear,
It is thy vernal note I hear.

And oft my heart will leap a-flame,
To deem I hear thee call my name,
To see thy face with gladness shine,
And find the joy that once was mine.

NOVEMBER WIND.

I HEAR the dole of the wailing blast,
Ere November's past;

And I see the waves of a darkening sea
Move restlessly.

The sense of woe do they impart
 Once more to my heart.
 I think of one who was often nigh,
 In the days gone by;
 Of the little white house on the slope of the
 hill,
 At Lockhartville.
 Together we slept, together we played
 'Neath the larches' shade.
 Together we fared, from Maytime to Yule,
 At the village school.
 Ah, me! it is seven and thirty years,
 Since that time of tears,
 When that wild word came, on a wind blown
 by,
 Like a long-drawn sigh;
 While of change and loss and mortal woe
 We wept to know.
 Then our first sweet babe disclosed her
 charms
 In her mother's arms;
 And the scene of her husband's nativity
 The bride might see.
 We have had our part of sorrow and tears,—
 And,—the Years—the Years!
 They bow us down, dear wife, and we mind
 That dirge-like wind!
 Like frosted leaves we wither, to-day,
 And our heads grow gray.

Our children are gone, our kindred are
 Scattered afar:
 And now, while November glooms and sighs,
 Doth a form arise;—
 A manly form, with an air of grace,
 And a youthful face.
 Ah, wife ! we know not the way he went,
 With his brief life spent;
 What sudden anguish, what dread despair,
 Then met him there!
 The seas are wide and dark and deep,
 Where he lies asleep;
 And the North wind sings a shuddering stave
 Over his grave.

THE OLD DAYS.

 H the Old Days, the dear Days,
 How shine they now afar !
 O who can tell these New Days
 How dear the Old Days are ?
 For there's never a Song of the Old Days
 But will bid the tears to start ;
 And there's never a flower of the Old Days
 But is treasured in our heart.
 Oh, the Old Days, the dear Days !
 And can we hope to see
 Any, of all the New Days,
 So fair in their degree ?
 Fair, fair they were, those Old Days,
 We shall nevermore behold !

Yet Heaven shines clear through the New
Days,
Though Earth grew green in the Old.

MOTHER.

Her very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thought doth clear.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

WHEN leaden ills too oft my life oppress,
And gloomy thought the sunny will dis-
place,
Then rises star-like, for my grief's redress,
Mother serene, thy patient, cheerful face,
Lighted with something of supernal grace,
With gentle, mild rebuking of my folly ;
Teaching thy child,— of all his brooding race
The one most given to museful melancholy,—
That Hope and Courage are Life's central stars,
Set in Love's skies to guide the wanderer's way ;
While o'er each cloudy doubt, o'er passion-wars
There shoots triumphant Faith's eternal ray :
So may I take into my fainting heart
Peace from that cordial Bosom where thou art.

AWAY AND AWAY.

AWAY and away to the greenwood—
Away with the Swallow and Bee !
Away with the Hours, to revel in flowers,
With the Brook to welcome me !
Away. to a child's soft cradle,
Under the purring pines,
And the budding brake with carols awake,
When the lyric morning shines !

Away, 'mid the surf of sunset,
 And the purple-misted vale,
 To the golden rents of the cloudland tents
 And the seas where the cloud-ships sail.
 Away from fagging and hum-drum,
 From being hurried and hurled,
 All dinned and dreary, till my heart is a-
 weary
 Of that Sorrow they call, the World !
 Let me drench my brain in the dew-fall,
 Let me fire my heart with the morn ;
 Then these megrims gray, and these spec-
 tres, away
 Shall be swept with a royal scorn !

BREED'S HILL.

I had a dream on a recent morning, in which I seemed to be ascending a hill, when I met a man who stayed to speak with me, and who said—" Know you this place, and what has been done here ? This is Breed's Hill." Upon awaking, with these words in memory the following lines were composed.

KNOW you this place ? The thoughtless
 pass it by,
 Nor ask upon this soil what deeds were
 done,—

What majesty the 'all-beholding sun,'
 Has seen outflame from our mortality.
 They were plain men, who were content to die.
 Gray are these sombre stones ; the bare hill lies

Only a common scene to common eyes,
And no one turns, while still the throng goes
by.

They hear no sound of tumult as they go ;
They know not the fierce joy, the high career
Of those who triumphed on that glorious morn :
Their thoughts whirl not with the vast tides
that flow

Through struggling souls,—the rapture, hope
and fear,

The agony, where nations are new-born.

SHORES OF MAVOOSHEN.

In the Summer of 1903 a company of Summer visitors were gathered together at Pemaquid, who formed what was known as the "Pemaquid Club," with a complete outfit of Constitution and Bye-laws. Initiation fees, dues, and all that goes to a properly-constituted society, even to a poet, and in part an original Song-book, to which the present writer was a principal contributor. It was proposed that a continuous membership should be held, and that the company should meet from season to season in the same place. Like many another fair project, however, it came to naught, and the members were presently scattered far and wide. The following is the first of the Songs, written to popular airs, which formed a feature of that merry and convivial Summer, and were sung amid the green woods and along the rocky shores of that most romantic portion of Lincoln County. Scattered throughout this volume are several lyrics that formed a part of that collection. Mavooshen is another Indian name of the district called Pemaquid.

TO the joys of old Mavooshen
When suns of Summer shine,
With the lullaby of waters,

And whispers of the pine;
With whispering of the pine
Where the wave of Ocean roars!—
Oh! the fair fields of Mavooshen,
And the bonny winding shores!
To the homes of old Mavooshen,
With friends that there we knew,
The souls care-free and joyous,
The warm hearts and the true;—
Ay, the warm hearts and the true,
And each laughter-loving eye,
Where the Summer winds blow softly,
And the waves make soft reply.
On the green hills of Mavooshen
How sweet to sit and dream
Of many an olden legend
Beside thy sheltered stream!—
Thy gurgling, glimmering stream;
Or, where the surf leaps high,
Watch the white-wing'd ships, at even-
ing,
Go softly sailing by.
O ye green hills of Mavooshen!
Ye lovely Summer dream,
Where sang, 'neath plashing oak-leaves,
The Spirit of the Stream;—
Of the merry winding stream,
And the echo-haunted shore!
Oh, ye rocks of old Mavooshen,
With the billow bursting hoar!

POE.

WHEN shall we see thee, clear of fog and
mist
That envious souls so long have round
thee thrown ?

When Christ shall say to each vain moralist,—
*Let him who hath no sin cast the first
stone.*

JACK DANDELION.

WRITTEN IN A CHILD'S ALBUM.

BOLD JACK DANDELION,—fine little fel-
low !

Arose at dawn in his bright vest of yellow;
He went early to bed, and was early to waken;
Yet scarcely had he his dewy bath taken,
And scarcely had he his early prayer said,
When a rattling lawn-mower swiped off his head
Oh, ho ! what a fate for a heart so mellow
As young Jack Dandelion,—poor little fellow !

But Jack belongs to a dauntless race,
So he came right up in the self-same place,
And stood there straight with the stuffiest,
With a pleasant smile, in his yellow vest:
He couldn't be daunted,—no, not he !
And he took everything so joyously,
With as cheery a face, and a smile as mellow,—
Just like Jack Dandelion,—brave little fellow !

THE ART OF TENNYSON.

‘TIS writ of him, Perfection is his praise:
His is the splendor of a sunset sea;
His is the odorous pomp of Summer days,
And mingled glories, all of high degree.

MARCH, IN THE SOUTH.

FROM THE FRENCH OF GAUTIER.

YET, where changeful Man is found,
Nature walks her ancient round:
March, who laughs at all our cares,
Secretly the Spring prepares.

Slyly, ere the daisies peep,
Waking from their winter sleep,
Comes the Former of the buds,
Chiseling their golden studs.

Cunning dresser ! on he goes,
Under vineyard, orchard-close;
With his swan's-puff snowily
Powders every almond tree.

Nature in her bed reposes,
While he goes among her roses,
Lacing all their new buds in
Corsages of velvet green.

While he solfeggios sings
To the blackbirds,—lo! he flings
Snowdrops to the greening meadows,
Violets to the purpling shadows.

By the side of cressy brook,
Where the stag with startled look

Ceases drinking, he compels
Scented lilies' silver bells.

Rude without, but deft within,
He hath arts our love to win;
Winter's hand he gently looses,
Jocund guests he introduces.

Soon—his secret work complete—
April's coming doth he greet :
"Dearest Month!" he smiling says,
"Bring in Spring's delightful days!"

A CONVIVIAL EPISTLE.

WRITTEN IN THE DORIC MANNER, AND READ AT
A REUNION OF FRIENDS, AT ORRINGTON.

DEAR Friend's, once more with homely lays
I greet you, as in other days,
When I, too, trode the sweet byways
Of Orrington,
And in the thrifty Farmer's praise
My rhyme-webs spun.

And ken ye not that auld braw time,—
When Uncle Gregory rade sublime
His mirth-mad hobby, in his prime,
Wi' witching art,—
I gie'd ye sic a screed o' rhyme,
Fresh frae my heart?

An' there we sat, rejoic'd to see
Our Robie* share the social glee,
As wit and song and poesy
Were pour'd at call,

* Ex-Governor Robie, present on the occasion alluded to, in company with 'Uncle Ed. Gregory,' and 'Aunt Lizzie.'

To dedicate with brave *soiree*
Your new Grange Hall.

Your Bard, since that auspicious day
Has daundered far upon his way ;
Yet memory o' that joyous May
Doth backward bring
" A touch of blithe vitality
Upon its wing."

Where now are thae auld frien's we knew?
Gone, ' Uncle Ed, '—' Aunt Lizzie, ' too ;
And mony, vanish'd frae our view
Shall come nae mair ;
Wha ance we held baith leal and true,
Our mirth wad share.

Dear grows the past as time outrolls,
To all our retrospective souls ;
Our sunsets glow like living coals,
Low i' the West ;
And with the rainbow's stripe our goals
Of storm are drest.

Ah, what a world we lived in, then !
In ink of gold Love dipped his pen
To write a fiery lyric, when
Life's sun was high !
Hope's echoes, upon hill and glen,
Could never die.

Then Love and Youth breathed their di-
vine
Music thro' waterfall and pine,

Thro' rustling corn, thro' fields a-shine
 Wi' lispin' grass ;
While Fancy flowery wreaths wad twine
 Each day for us.

The Springtime made the world anew ;
The sky had sic a matchless blue !
The rose had sic a glorious hue !

 The lilies sprung,
Wi' sic a heavenly grace, to view,
 When we were young !
And when the fields were daisy-white,
And meadows knew the dear delight
Of Bob-o'-Lincoln's laughing flight,
 Our childhood had,
With whip-poor-wills thro' the brief night
 Cause to be glad.

When swelling ships in full-sail'd pride
Sailed up upon the opening tide,
Sweet, on yon cliffy river-side,
 Frae her green bower
To bear that modest vernal bride,
 Th' arbutus flower !

But shall our pulin' rhymes deplore,
That some of us, at near three-score,
Are laughing girls and boys no more,
 Wi' youth a' spent ;
Or ring the changes, o'er and o'er,
 Of discontent ?

Nay ! we'll do nae sic thing, forsooth !
—Sit, wi' Achilles in his booth,

And grumble, like a grumbling tooth, .
 In fitful rage?

Nay, better than a verdant youth
 A green auld age.

Tho' blauts o' hail the Storm-fiend flang,
 Our Oak o' Life is stout and strang,
 His green leaves yet about him hang,
 His sap mounts clear:

We may be gude to delve and dang,
 Yet mony a year.

When young and auld are met thegither
 God gie ye cheerie heart an' weather ;
 Keep hats and feathers in fine feather,
 While y' shake th' wa'
 Wi' speech an' sang, bustle an' blather,
 'Round your Grange Ha'.

Ripe strawberries,—the girls will hull
 'em,
 An' bring fresh cream, to mix and mull
 'em !

Coffee an' steaming tea,—I smell 'em !—
 Buns, piping hot !

Come, frae your cavern of Adullam,
 Wi' that bean-pot !

But bring you forth a smiling face,
 The round of social chat to grace ;
 Of maugre looks be there nae trace,
 Till a' be done:

The Farmers are a cannie race,
 But must hae fun.

An' guid frien's, let me whusper tae ye
How verra gladly I'd be wi' ye !—

O jolly dough-nuts—juist to pree ye !

—It mayna be !

But, guid folk, tho' I canna see ye,
Hae thocht for me.

Juist now the supper-bell they rang :

Syne, ere ye gae yer ways alang,

Ye'll ablins sing a little sang,—

I've heard that same :

Then, like guid childer, ye may gang

Straight awa' hame.

BIRCHES.

I WALKED a winding road to-day,
Bordered with silver birches ;
To bear sweet odor far away
The wind their covert searches:
O Ladies of the wildwood shade !
Your human sisters, dressing
In perfumed robes, have often made
Such soft and sweet impression.

THE DESTINED HOUR.

WRITTEN WHEN ILL AND ABSENT FROM HOME.

☉ DAY ! that must so surely come,—
Thou dreaded, thou mysterious, Day !
When sound of Earth shall cease, Earth's
lips be dumb,
And when my Soul must rise and haste away.
From journeying over land and sea,
My heart returneth home again ;

A longer, stranger pathway waits for me,
A bourn eternal—be it bliss or pain.

O Day ! God hideth from my sight !

What seer thy coming may foretell ?

Whether, the darksome messenger of
night,

Thou ring'st for me an unexpected knell ;

Or, angel-like, at opening day,

Thou comest, with a fairer dawn,

To herald my undaunted Soul away,

Where my belov'd, familiar ones have gone.

O Day, of all my days to me !

Where wilt thou lay my drooping head ?

Shall I her face, who most hath loved me,
see,

While prayer is made and softening tears are
shed ?

Or, cast afar, a stranger lone,

Surviving all most loved and true,

Must I breathe out my solitary moan,

And unlamented bid the earth adieu ?

Or, of my household group the first,

May I be called to take my leave,—

To bless the wife I love, the babes I nurs'd,

Disguising sorrow that might make them
grieve ?

Shall I be led to painless sleep,

And gently pass to rest supreme ?

Or part as quickly as from yon blue deep,
When black with cloud, shoots down the
piercing gleam ?

Or, sapped by loathly-drawn disease,
Shall I, in long-enduring pain,
Pray, with a feeble cry for woe's surcease,
And long to break my half-divided chain ?

Ah, God ! thou know'st—Thou, alone !
And well such knowledge dwells with
Thee !

For hearts were chill as ice, or hard as stone,
If all they fear they had the skill to see.

Or, saved from fears to lonely dreams,
Then aimless all my days might be ;
Listless, my feet might rove by haunted
streams,
Shrinking from converse and society.

Yet come, O Day ! as come thou must !
If then my Savior draweth nigh :
Lay this poor earthly mansion in the dust,
If then His hand shall lift me to the sky.

MARCH SNOW.

'TIS morn, and still the 'hoary meteor' flies;
All through the night's deep silence it
descended ;
In it's immaculate beauty now the skies
And the hushed earth are buried deep and
blended.

The year hath not beheld a wintrier scene!
The flaky softness buries all below:
The hoary elms forget their wished-for green,
Windows and walls are battened with the
snow.

Now tiny puffs curl from each marbled roof,
And eddying downward sink the flakes to
rest;

The Winter Spirit hovers yet aloof,
To breathe a benison on Earth's wan breast.

The piled down on the apple-boughs that lay,
Smit by the breeze in playful gusts is spun:
Rises the wind, and whirls the drift away;
And, ringed with swirling cloud, yon breaks
the sun!

THE DEPARTING YEAR.

SPECTRE! that stealest by,
While midnight tolleth slow,
With frosty, tearless eye,
And torch inverted low;
Thy step was once so light,
Thy face so smiling bright!
Set free—

Depart, thou haggard ghost, for none will weep
for thee!

Spectre! thou wanest now!
Thou, too, so lov'd and fair—
No more. . . We crown his brow
Who treads morn's starry stair.
Thou,—veil'd thy face in woe,—

58 The Birds Of The Cross.

Down Midnight's postern go:
Pass on,
Like ghost at crow of cock, before the peep of
dawn.

Spectre ! thine hour is past,
Though Love thy name endears ;
Our face is set, at last,
To light of coming years :
Thy song was sweet,—'tis sung ;
Thy lute is now unstrung :
When o'er
Our prime of power, then we can court and
charm no more.

Spectre ! whose hand did touch
My heart, I prize thy lore :
Thy parting robe I clutch,
I press thy hand once more :
For sorrow of thy worth,
Spirit ! I go not forth
To cheer
With those who welcome in the roseate, youth-
ful year.

LINCOLN.

THE PATRIOT, patient, pitiful, and pure ;
Martyr to Justice and to Liberty :
This is his gift—the Union stands secure ;
This is his praise—the millioned Slave is
free.

HOWE.

The Hon. Joseph Howe, Publicist, Editor, Orator, and Poet, was born at the Northwest Arm, near Halifax, N. S., December 13, 1804; and after a useful and brilliant career, in which he engaged the affection and admiration of his fellow-countrymen, and of many in other lands, he died at Government House, Halifax, while Lieutenant-Governor of his native Province, June 1, 1873. His statue, in the attitude of addressing his constituents,—a highly characteristic one,—stands in front of the House of Assembly, the chief theatre of his career, and the place of his many triumphs. The references in the text are chiefly to the titles and subjects of his poems.

WHILE hangs the empty nest on leafless
bough,

While flow the pleasant streams of Acadie,

While Stewiacke's vale is cloven by the plough,
Or May-flowers creep beneath the budding
tree;

While sunset gilds Chebucto's summer sea,
And bloometh white the cherry's wilding
bough,

While robins sing,—forgotten cannot be,
The name of JOSEPH HOWE.

While ships sail westward from Britannia's
shore,

Bearing the voyager swiftly to his home;
While skims the skater the lake's bosom o'er,
Or the brown Micmac loves the wood to roam;
While Sable's sandy shore is swept with foam,
Or Melville Isle lifts its forbidding brow;

While eloquent lips may charm,—shall not be
dumb

The praise of JOSEPH HOWE.

While men love Freedom with a constant love,
And men hate Tyranny, or tyrants spurn;
While scorn of meanness can their bosom move,
While hearts with fires of poesy may burn;
While the vast tides keep ebbing to return,
Or flames the maple tree's resplendent bough,
Our children's children still shall proudly learn
The fame of JOSEPH HOWE.

O MAIZIE !



MAIZIE ! dear Maizie !

Our eyes are glad to see,
For a little space, your bright, sweet face,
O soul and voice of glee !

*You come when the year is in its prime,
In wild-rose-and-daisy-time.*

O Maizie ! dear Maizie !

And must you leave us so ?

A smile and a tear, you gave us, dear,—

Heaven bless you, as you go !

*You'll come again when the year's in the
prime,—*

In wild-rose-and-daisy-time.

SPRING'S FREEDOM.



MY SOUL is borne, a winter-beaten boat,
Upon the soft resurgence of the Spring,
That lifts the bird anew on joyful wing,

And sets Earth's joyous creatures all afloat.
 Song stirs within me, as the gurgling note
 Of hill-side runnels rippling thro' the fern;
 And with what ease the ruby buds return,
 And pipings to the hyla's liquid throat,
 Delight comes to me, tho' unasked, unbidden,
 Floating on vans of silken butterfly,
 With the abandon of the bickering bee:
 Forth to the light a thousand beauties hidden
 Come peeping with sweet spontaniety;
 Spirit and flesh seem one,—*and they are*
free !

TO GEORGE MARTIN.

WRITTEN ON A POSTAL CARD.

THO' such a check to a sublime invention
 Of copious muse who measures by the
 yard,

Yet do I prize thy limited dimension,
 Thou cream-hued postal card !

Like thee, I would be always neat and handy,
 Of all superfluous verbiage debarred:
 Then, Martin, when you have a word to bandy,
 Send me a postal card.

CHAMPLAIN.

THE PORTRAIT AND THE STATUE.

In the Chateau de Ramezay, the former residence of the Governors of Montreal under the old regime—now the repository of many historical souvenirs—is a portrait of Samuel de Champlain, whose name is so closely identified with American discovery and Canadian development. On the Dufferin Terrace at Quebec stands his statue, one of the

monuments to which the visitor to that city will be directed, with pardonable pride in the possession of his dust and the inheritance of his fame.

TOU, CHATEAU RAMEZAY, contain,
Pictured on thy historic wall,
The open features of Champlain,—
The man to whom it did befall,
From its long hiding to command
The wealth of the Canadian land.
A noble, kindly face had he,
That not belied his heart, I ween ;
A Captain of such high degree
As Honor holds in his demesne,
He was.—Behold his statue stand,
High-reared in the Canadian land !
His name enchants thy rock, Quebec !
His name Columbia's waters bear :
Serene he stands, who trod the deck,
And pierced the gray wolf's dusky lair ;
The fort, the wilderness, who knew,
The caravel, and the canoe.
Now, given to story and to song,
Quebec stands guardian of his dust :
His lineage did to France belong ;
His loyal soul is with the just :
Stern War was his inheritance :
He touched Religion with Romance.
Others might hard and cruel be,
Staining their path with needless gore ;
Magnanimous, humane, was he,

And just, and wise, and rich in lore;—
Smit with the mountain's majesty,
A son and lover of the sea.

What matter though the Red-cross flag
Hath long replaced the Fleur-de-lis ?
The steps of Honor shall not lag,
Secure in lasting fame is he ;
His deed its lustre still assures,
Long as the Continent endures.

There by his nobly-flowing River,
At Gate of Commerce, let him stand,
Still looking calmly seaward, ever,
Toward his hardy Norman land ;
For Canada his dust enshrines,
And in her heart his honor shines.

TENNYSON.

BEAUTY of God in earth and sky and sea,
The sweetness and refinement of the flow-
ers,
With elevation, strength, and majesty,
Are deeply blent in his harmonious powers.

VIOLETS.

VIOLETS, purple blue and white,
Ye, like morning, born of night,
Whisper of the Spring's delight !
After frost and after snow,
When the soft winds gently blow,
Ye, like sweetest thoughts, do grow.

Stony brook and singing stream
 Answer to the sunny gleam,
 Winter now is but a dream.
 Meekly pale, sweet Violets !
 Sunshine warms, and dew-drop wets ;
 God is near—*He not forgets.*
 After sunshine comes the shade ;
 After bloom we violets fade ;—
 God's hand takes the form he made.
 After shadow comes the sun ;
 Spring, when wintry sands are run ;
 Only *Life*, when Death is done.

HOME DISCIPLINE.

PARENTS I know, so gentle and so mild,
 They can but spare the rod and spoil the
 child ;
 While yet, in part their error to redeem,
They box the compass, and they whip
 the cream.

O BE THOU STRONG.

O BE thou strong in an evil time,
 O be thou strong and true ;
 For the night foreruns the dawning prime,
 And the earth is born anew :
 Tho' the Mammonite king be king to-day,
 The meanest that ever reigned ;
 Tho' the hope of the world he hath taken
 away,
 Tho' the heart of man he hath pained.

O be thou strong in an evil day,
 O be thou firm for the right !
 For be sure that Truth will yet drive away
 The darkness of Error's night :
 Tho' the hosts of the Lord by the sword be
 slain,
 Yet their Master it cannot slay ;
 The Mammonite kings shall not always reign,
 But Christ shall be King for aye.

SUMMER ON THE PENOBSCOT.

HOW is the golden dawning of the year,
 When vale and wood from wintry dreams
 revive,
 And the all-gladdening sun h's eastern hill
 Remounts, and doth his beamy coursers drive
 O'er the wide heaven, till Eve her lamp doth
 fill

And bid her star shine clear :
 How fair thy waters seem, O River dear !
 Now hurrying seaward with thy voice of glee,
 From sylvan quiet places far away,
 And woods where bleak Katahdin lifts his grey
 Bulk, hoar, and scarred with many a century.

Sickle and scythe we last year laid aside,
 After the sheaves were gathered, wait they still ;
 Yet rings the cheerful anvil the long day,
 And leap the shrieking saws in busy mill :
 Our hearts the Summer's joyance now shall
 fill,
 And bid us to delay ;

While now a thousand birds exult aloud,
A strain of high delight, with ours that blends,
And, "from the bosom of yon dropping cloud,"
The Spirit of the Summertime descends.

For now the dandelion's thriftless gold
Is squandered by the roadside; in the field,
Soon to be made with nodding daisies white,
The pure and perfect violet is revealed;
The wild pear's silken blossoms now invite,
When we their charms behold,
Our feet to tread where bannered woods are
green,
And starry flowers are curdled o'er the thorn;
And all the dancing waters touch'd with morn,
In their great glory are wide-laughing seen.

And then 'tis June, with orchards all im-
pearled,
And the pranked meadows waving deep and
warm ;
When with full heart doth the rich Mother-
world
The liberal promise of the Year perform:
The thick, dark maples yield their twilight
gloom;
And, with their vines close-curved
About them, rise the green-clad elms, where
bloom
The wild rose hedges, gardens spreading fair,
And the syringa, sweetening all the air,
Gives Summer, with her brightness and perfume

The Swallow darts from his eave-plastered
cell,
And like a circling arrow skims the lea ;
In his cerulean vest the Bluebird sings
And pipes at morn the plaintive, faint Pee-wee :
The Robin maketh cheer ; the Oriole swings
His elm-hung cradle well ;
Lone in the dusk thrashes the Whippoorwill ;
The holy Hermit, in his cedar-vale,
Tolls his soft aerial bell ; and, 'Hail ! all hail !'
Shouts the mad Bobolink, and laughs his fill.

Above yon bluffy banks and swirling tides,
Hampden reposes in its tent of shade ;
And where Penobscot's farther current glides
The sylvan homes of Orrington were made :
Ah, in this watery vale what beauty bides !

What bounty is displayed
In all these flowering fields, these slopes that
rise,

As if in pride of his illustrious fame,
Who left the legacy of his great name
To Freedom's sons, then passed into the skies.

This gracious land behold ! Th' historic muse
With lifted pen would write its honors here :

Fair are these homes, bosomed 'mid flower-
ing trees ;
Fair these green banks and clustered groves ap-
pear :

O, rich and varied scene, and apt to please !
Joyous, mine eye surveys
Yon stately River—Nature's glorious Child !

Instinct with power, in tumult or repose,
Bearing our high hopes with him as he goes,
From Norembega and the Northern wild.

O wild Penobscot! with thy thousand streams
And all thy clustered lakes, divinely clear!

Where fabled Kineo dwelt, and where on high
Katahdin doth his rocky fortress rear,
And wave his mapled banners in the sky:

Whether the morning beams
Brighten thy current, or the full-orbed moon
Makes thee her mirror, thou art beautiful!
Stretched on oak-sheltered headland, thou
dost lull

Mine ear, all fanciful ling'ring at noon.

What fragrant memories cluster on thy shore!
The Norseman trims his weather-beaten sail,
Coasting by creek and cove, all wonder-eyed;
The tuneful Gascon leans upon his rail,
As up the stream his caravel doth glide:

And, lo! again once more,
The dying Norman Knight his destiny
Pursues,—the City of his radiant dream,
Whose quest of that which here doth only
seem

Inspired the gentle Bard of Amesbury.*

O thou most lovely River! flowing free
Through this green-hearted Maine! whoever yet
Seeing, admired and loved thee not? For me,
This will I say, who never can forget
Thy cheery, rippling waters, lovingly
So long I mused on thee;—

* Whittier's poem, "Norembega,"

Thy bluffs, arbutus-scented, dark with pine;
 Thy winding current, bearing into view
 The argosies of nations,—the canoe,
 Light-laden, of the tawny Tarratine.

The well-loved scene familiar he beholds,
 Who once again his boyhood doth renew ;
 Who looks on what he loved in that old time,
 The heart's tract, bright with sun and moist
 with dew,

While haunting memories of his childhood's
 prime

His spirit now enfolds.

Ah, much is changed ! yet Nature smiles on all,
 And the old scenes invite us as of yore !

The Past—*the Past* ! she seemeth to restore,
 If for a moment we our youth recall.

THE WINDS.

SHARP is the March wind as a thorn ;
 But when it blows the lambs are born.

When mild and soft the South wind blows,
 The moist seed germinates and grows.

Thou gloomy East, our flowerets spare !
 Dark harbinger of frost, forbear !

Blow, generous West Wind ! thou shalt fill
 The fisher's net with right good will.

Blow, thou keen North ! our cheeks shall
 glow ;
 And in the maple sap shall flow.

Let the wind blow which way it will,
It surely brings some blessing still !

COPERNICUS AND DARWIN

○ ONE looked above, and saw the heavens as
new,—
A widening Universe, that flamed august;
The other scanned the earth, and clearer grew
The problem of the dew and of the dust.

LIGHT AND SHADOW

STARS above us ever shine
Brightest in the darkest night ;
Diamonds down in deepest mine
Out of shadow flash their light :
Spices bruised the sweeter smell ;
Shaken trees take firmer root ;
And the oft-pruned vines excel
In the richness of their fruit :
Gold and silver cleaner show
For the scourer's skill ; and, mark !
How the fire-worms fairer glow,
Hidden in the grasses dark !
Juniper its odor gives
Most profusely in the fire ;
And the check the palm receives
Makes it broader spring and higher :
Sweeter seems the matron's smile,
For the sorrow that she bore ;
And the trodden camomile
Will but spread and grow the more :
Abstinence gives keener force

To desire, indulgence cloy ;
And our trials are the source
Of our most abounding joys.

THE NORTH-WEST ARM.

AN INLET OF THE SEA, NEAR HALIFAX, N. S.

THE lingering sunset flushes the warm sky,
And leaves its track of splendor on the sea,
As if an angel trod majestically
Where in their trance the slumbering waters lie.
Here in this lengthened cove the boat glides by
The wood-encircled shores, with villas crown'd ;
There seems to breathe a Sabbath peace profound,
Or broken only by the jay's shrill cry.
Ah, calm retreat, to nurse and nourish souls
Spent with long travail,—toils that not avail !
Where Ocean, cornered in a cradle-nest,
Forgets the leaping surf, the surge that rolls ;
Gives timely shelter to the battered sail,
And instant puts a thousand fears to rest.

THE CRYSTAL RILL.

LET Sons of Folly lift on high
The beaker flowing red with wine,
And, 'mid unhallowed revelry,
Pollute God's image, made divine ;
Yet will I drink, where wild birds sing,
The nectar, beautiful and good,
That gushes from the crystal spring,
In Nature's sweetest solitude.

O Spirit of the woodland rill,
 Thy face is very fair, I know !
 And never, never didst thou fill
 This weary world with pain and woe!
 Ye haunt the sunset cloud at even ;
 Bright in the iris-arch ye dwell ;
 Ye soften all the lights of heaven ;—
 Ah, might ye slake the thirst of Hell !

Let others woo the siren-wine,
 In Pleasure's lap *I* was not nursed :
 The genial draught I choose as mine,
That shall allay, not feed, my thirst.
 The Ghosts of Shame and Misery
 Rise from the wine-press and the still :
 Then let me ever bide with thee,
 O Spirit of the woodland rill !

MILTON.

THREE hundred years ! yet *He* is bright
 and strong ;
 His Eden fadeless blooms ; his Soul soars
 free ;
 And yet the ocean-billow of his Song
 Beats with the pulse of the eternal Sea.

LOVE'S EXPRESSION.

BE not of thought too eager,
 Be not of speech too bold ;
 For Love, though with an angel's tongue,
 Can never all be told.

It ebbeth from expression,
It flies Time's vocal shore ;
In silence o'er the secret heart
It floweth evermore.

If Love's dear angel cometh,
We bow with bated breath ;
Her feet make hallowed the floor,
Though not a word she saith.

O answer her, but softly,
If you she chance to greet ;
While the white glimmer of her hand
Makes bread she breaks more sweet.

The dawn comes where she smileth,
Her face makes bright the skies ;
And ever the Earth grows beautiful
In the gladness of her eyes.

LINES

WRITTEN UNDER THE CARICATURE OF A POR-
TRAIT.

OOK at this face ! and therein see
The image and epitome
Of all a mortal should not be :
A visage cruel and severe,
But no less coarse and mean, is here ;
A presence, potent to suggest
Earth's darkest souls and hatefullest :
Mammon, a-gloating in his den ;
Fraud, trading on the faith of men ;
Demios, who hugged his earthy hoard ;

And Judas, who betrayed his Lord;
The Hell-cat's spawn, the Dragon's cub,
Or Moloch, or Beelzebub.

A brutal king in tawdry state,
This is a presence man must hate !
A soulless face, it says to me,—
“ *Who is my neighbor!—What is he?*”
In him the devotees of gold,—
The haters of their kind,— behold !
Behold, the sons of doom and dearth,
Who curse the country of their birth!—
The stony hearts, the men of pride,
By whom the poor are crucified ;
Who cheapen human flesh,—turn red
With blood man's dear-bought daily bread ;
Freeze hearts to ice, curses compel,
And feed with hate the Powers of Hell.

Though Death should be to Horror wed,
With every thought a thought of dread,
Yet will I bless the just decree
Of dust and cold mortality,
That soon must make an end of me,
Since it may mark the sure decline
And fall of such a tribe as thine !
For thou, huge Mammonite !—so shoal
Of thought, of bowels, and of soul,—
A greater horror could be never
Than that thyself might live forever !
But, ah ! how fast soe'er they die,

The evil seed do multiply !
 You claim the earth, as at the first,
 And yet mankind is vex'd and curst :
 But swift your day is passing by,
 And *Heaven* must be your Judge,—*not I.*

If maddened men shall e'er arise,
 With fulmination to the skies,
 To brand your sons in bloody ire,
 And wrap your palaces with fire ;
 Howling anathema and woe
 Over wide wreck and overthrow ;—
 Crying,—“ We can no more endure !
 Your ruin now is swift and sure ! ”—
 If such *should* be, it will be due
 To *you, alone,—or such as you !*

REPEAT THE SONG.

I have had ringing in my ears,—and, when not in my ears, in my brain, and, I believe, in my heart,—the Song of Teresa del Riego, which Eva has played over, and which May, with the other girls, has been singing :—

“ O dry those tears, And calm those fears,
 Life was not made for sorrow ;
 'Twill come, alas ! But soon 'twill pass,
 Clouds will be sunshine to-morrow.”

THE JOURNAL OF PASTOR FELIX.

“ (●) DRY those tears,” methought I heard
 thee sing,
 And calm thy fearful heart, O lover
 mine !

“ Life was not meant for sorrow ? ” then repine
 No more at pale misfortune's bitter sting.

Mischance may come, and o'er thy spirit fling
 Its midnight dolours, noontide shadows gray ;
 Yet, give thee cheer, methought I heard thee
 say,

Some bright'ning morrow will the sunshine
 bring.

O lift thine eyes to yon celestial blue !
 Strike so the chords of thy bold harp amain !
 See how the clouds win glory of the sun !
 So with thy sorrow, it shall brighten, too ;
 There shall be rest to sweeten after pain,
 And peace eternal when the strife is done.

THE FAITH-MEN.

A SONG OF THE MARCHING MULTITUDE.

WE'RE COMING, coming up the way ! our
 feet with steel are shod !

We're coming up the old world-way, our
 cry has gone abroad,—

The host whose cause is human weal, who fight
 the fight of God.

*Tramp—tramp—tramp—firm and free be
 our tread !*

*To the height of man's right must our army
 be led ;*

*The way and goal of each true soul our Mas-
 ter hath bestowed*

*On all who seek it,—ye who hinder, CLEAR
 THE ROAD—CLEAR THE
 ROAD !*

O we are coming ! make ye room,—ye hateful,
 fearful brood,

Who dream that safety lies with ill, who have
not faith in good,—

For the Sons of Faith, the Sons of Might—a
marching multitude !

*Tramp—tramp—tramp—firm and free be
our tread !*

*To the height out of sight shall our footsteps
be led ;*

*A kindling Star, not faint or far, hath o'er
Life's mountain glowed :*

*Man's cause is sacred ;---ye who spoil it,
CLEAR THE ROAD—CLEAR
THE ROAD !*

O ye, who prey upon mankind, who sell the poor
for hire!

O ye, who burn man's blood and brain with
flames of liquid fire!

The Sons of God are on your track,—beware
their righteous ire !

*Tramp—tramp—tramp,—firm and free be
our tread !*

*To the height of Heaven's light and Truth's
victory led ;*

*Broad flames the day, clear lies the way,—
the place of our abode,—*

*Man's goal of Honor ;—ye who bar it,
CLEAR the ROAD---CLEAR
the ROAD !*

THE WORLD.

AH, World ! for *you* who can atone ?
Whos tand at God's high Throne for
you ?

At Stephen still ye hurl the stone,
Ye crucify the Christ anew.

FRANCES. E. WILLARD.

TOO soon the grave hath claimed thy mortal
form ;

Too soon for us the palace of the sky
Hath won its guest to high security,
Where Truth is radiant, and where Love is warm.
Calm, steady, well-pois'd soul, set 'mid Earth's
storm,

Spending so lavishly life's sacred oil,
Lighting to multifarious thought and toil
Thy banded Sisters ! Love in thee was norm
Magnetic ; Faith rose eminent in thee ;
Nothing was wasted treasure God made thine.
And must we say, Adieu ? Inspiring Soul !
Now must we miss thy graceful mastery ?
Our tear-wet laurels lay we on thy shrine,
And with thy latest word our heart console.

A BALLAD OF THE THREE MARIES.

AWAKE ! it is near the dawning !
I have heard the cock's shrill cry,
And the stars their golden grains dissolve

In the cup of the azure sky :

Awake, my sisters, and come with me !
From your tear-wet pillow arise ;

Take spices to sweeten the chamber of death,
And the couch where our Master lies:
Then come away, while the skies are gray
And the bird of dawn up-flies.

In vain she idly weepeth,
Whose joys like manna decay,
And the star of whose hope hath waned and
paled
In the dawning's bath of gray.
The purest and dearest of earth lies dead,
Who godlike spake and wrought;
The Master has gone the way that he said,—
But a woman's love dies not:
His image we'll cherish, till memory perish
He cannot be forgot!

Oh, HE was fair of the fairest!
The loveliest Soul was HE!
What is the Rose that in Sharon grows,
Or the Lily upon the lea?
Or what is the sheen of the Morning Star,
In the morning's fragrant breath,
When He who loved us is gone afar?—
They have done my Lord to death!
The blood of my slain Lamb flows amain,
My hurt Dove quivereth!

Now snowy the walls of yon Temple,
Whose towers the dawn makes gold;
But whiter and fairer that bruised shrine
Lieth so lone and cold!

And sweet is the Garden's odorous round,
 With its thousand flowers in bloom ;
 But sweeter His breath, ere he went to His
 death,
 Who lieth in yonder tomb.

But did He not say that, ere break of day,
 He should sunder its frosty gloom ?

Oh, Sisters ! what awful music !
 What trembling of sky and ground !
 The heavens and the earth might have passed
 away

 In that depth of thundrous sound !
 O Sisters ! what lustre, surpassing far
 The sun's meridian ray !
 What splendor and grace ! O'er his dazzling
 face

 The vivid lightnings play !

And see you not, dear sisters !
 Where His snow-white robe is spread,
 The Roman Guard, with their spears gripped
 hard,

 Are fallen down as dead ?
 Like a conquering King, in His majesty,
 He calmly sits to say :

“Ye women who loved Him, approach and
 see

 Where once your Master lay :
Lo, He is arisen ! His empty prison
 Lies open to the day !”

O, joy ! THOU ART THE MASTER !

Thou speak'st who came to save !
I deemed thee but the keeper of
This garden and this grave.
“ MARY ? ” Thou say'st . . Haste, Sisters,
haste !

The blissful word proclaim !
The tomb He breaks, and thereby makes
The Cross a glorious shame !
Such wondrous love the Earth shall prove,
Such power shall Heaven acclaim !

O, Prince of Peace !—*My* Savior !
O glorious Morning Star !
The Gates of Hope to our lost race
Thy rising shall unbar :
The alien hosts shall press to kiss
Thy flowing vesture's hem,
Whose royal dress is RIGHTEOUSNESS,
And LOVE, whose diadem.
Thy chant we'll raise, 'mid endless days,
Monarch of Bethlehem !

A SONG OF EXILE.

◉ LAND, of fragrant fields, and living
streams !

O land of swelling waters ! unto thee
I turn my eyes,—thou fair abode of dreams !
Thou blossom-country, girdled by the sea !
Again the linnet sings his song to me ;

Again the Whitethroat warbles ; and once
more

I tread the chambers of the sun, made free
From care, initiate to the mystery
Of rushing tides by every sounding shore.

Ye hills of home ! ye bonnie native woods
Of mine own land ! are ye yet musical,
As when I loved beneath your shade to dwell?
Are your seats haunted by soft singing broods?
Does the Woodpecker haunt your solitudes
With his loud-tapping bill,—the golden-winged
And the familiar? Are the lyres all stringed,
Of your sweet-breathing pines whose interludes
Between the whispering leaves so won mine
ear ?

Or comes to you the Bluebird's carol still ?
Does Robin April's evening silence fill
With the old cheery sound, so sweet to hear ?
—So many friends are gone, it soothes my pain
To think how yet thy singing birds remain.

O Land ! my Land ! to thee the Spring returns ;
The Summer hastens on a thousand wings,
With thy rejoicing birds ; and my heart yearns
For all thy balmy, gentle ministrings.

O sweet Acadian Land ! my Fathers' Land !
The Land of the Arbutus and the Pine ;
Haunt of the Robin,—memory-haunted strand,
Can I forget that thou art *mine*,—AY, MINE?
Loved, lost, estranged,—yet it forbids despair
To think thy smiling vales, thy singing birds,
are there.

I see thee when the Dandelion blows ;
 In Buttercups and Daisies thou art fair ;
 I greet thee in the wild Brier and the Rose ;
 I see thee when thy sunset skies do wear
 The glowing garb that Summer only knows !
 O Home ! loved Home, I may not visit more !
 And O, dear graves, where mine may never be !
 To you I send,—to *you*, my native shore !
 The Message-Swallow and the Courier-Bee,
 To ask of thee thy wonted woodland-lore :
 —SAY, HAVE THE BIRDS COME BACK TO ACADIE?

THE HAPPIEST KINGDOM.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KERNER.



NCE, when sat the German Princes
 Feasting high in royal hall,
 Praised for wisdom wealth and valor
 Each his land the first of all.

Boldly spake the royal Saxon :

“ First is mine in wealth and power ;
 Silver seams run through my mountains,
 Gleaming gold—a priceless dower !”

“ But, behold *my* living largess !”

Spake the Ruler of the Rhine :

“ Vales, all nodding to the harvest,
 Mountains, purple with the vine.”

“ Cities teeming, larded cloisters,”

Ludwig spake, of Baiern's throne ;

“ These do make my sum of treasure
 Equal, surely, to your own.”

Eberhard, the golden-hearted,
Wurtemberg's beloved king,
Said : " I cannot boast my cities,
Nor my mines that silver bring ;

" Yet, among her hills and forests,
My heart's jewel lieth sure ;
For there is no hut, no cottage,
Where I may not rest secure."

Then outspake the Saxon Ruler,—
He of Baiern,—he from the Rhine :
" Thou'rt the noblest, thou'rt the richest,
And the happiest land is thine !"

THEODORE HARDING RAND.

Q AIR is the morn ! Ah, yes, the Spring is
fair !

The dandelion wakes on the green lea ;
The ploughman walks, and from his pointed
share

The furrow turns, while glancing swallows flee.
See ! sun and wave have their old jollity !
Nature ignores our grief in smiling play.
Ah ! yes, the Spring is fair, and fair the Day !
But o'er the sunshine falls a shade, to me :
For, closed, the eyes that saw all beauty here ;
And stilled, the heart that felt the love of all ;
Silent, that golden harp of tone sincere ;
Gone, the old friendliness beyond recall ;
Fallen, the pen of light that wrote no word,
Save when that sea-like Soul was by its Angel
stirred !

APRIL.

THERE came an hour—a sullen hour,
 When life was dull and dun,
 Where never smiled a hopeful flower,
 Or laughed a mirthful sun ;
 There seemed no solace, no delight,
 No vernal promise true,
 In any scene that met my sight,—
 And it was APRIL, too !

There came a shower,—a sudden shower
 Of mingled snow and rain ;
 And then, within the radiant hour,
 A sun-burst flashed again ;
 Again the earth was strangely bright,
 The sky was strangely blue ;
 And all rejoiced who saw the sight,—
 And *this* was APRIL, too !

KROISOS.

The voice of Fame
 Alone reveals the lives of men that pass
 To song and story. Kroisos' kindly heart
 Dies not.

PINDAR. FIRST PYTHIAN ODE.

WEALTH and Fame, thou know'st, O Pin-
 dar !

Other gifts are prized before them :
 Would we grasp them, Fate may hinder ;
 We may have them, yet deplore them :
 But a Spirit, heavenward moving,
 And a true heart, pure and loving,
 From all taint and bondage freed,—
 Fortune these, and wealth, indeed !

While the fire-wheels of thine Art
Flame in noble, high endeavor,
KROISOS, of the kindly heart,
Dies not,—*He* lives on forever !
Happier theme no lyre befalls,—
Filling all Fame's lofty halls
With the sweet strains' unison,
In the praise of Love's dear Son.

STATESMAN AND POET.

OF RANK and Learning, Pomp and Pride,
we tire,
When from their piles we pass, to note,
by turns,
The lowly birth, the high, sagacious fire,
That mark the state of Lincoln and of Burns.

THE SHIPS OF THE CZAR.

WHAT has become of the Fleet ?
Where are the ships of the Czar ?
On, to the doom of defeat,
Lured by their evil star !
Where, with War's thunderbolts laden,
Sailing past Calpe, past Aden,—
Where are they who went forth—
The Armada of the North,—
Like that Orcadian winds did sweep
From the vexed bosom of the deep,
Out of the lists of war ?
What has become of the Fleet ?
Where are the Ships of the Czar ?

What has become of the Fleet ?

The harbor of Kronstadt they clear'd;
There were cheering thousand to greet,

As Southward proudly they steer'd!
Where are the battle-ships gone ?—

Answer thou, DAI-NIPPON !

For their wrath was directed on you,
And the valorous deeds they should do
Must the wide world amaze with wonder,
And pale the Orient with their thunder;
And Fame should their grandeur complete,

And trumpet their glory afar !

What has become of the Fleet ?

Where are the Ships of the Czar ?

What has become of the Fleet ?

Where are the Ships of the Czar ?

Did Typhon upon them beat ?

Or them did the rock-reef scar ?

Did the Trident-king, in his pride,

Flout and sweep them aside ?

Or, did Vulcan, with deed insane,

Rend them, upon the main ?

Or did the tropic calm enthrall,

Or fierce the tempest on them fall,

Where stretches the sandy bar,

And the rumbling rollers beat,

With sudden shock and jar ?

What has become of the Fleet ?

Where are the Ships of the Czar ?

What has become of the Fleet ?

Where are the Ships of the Czar ?

What fate, if Togo they meet,

Or if Uriu open the war,

Will befall who issued forth

Thro' the icy gates of the North ?

What if, ere their voyage be done,

The Sons of the Rising Sun

Sweep out from some sheltering shore,

With guns that like lions roar ;

Smite them with vengeance dire,

And cordon them with fire ;

And make the battle roar and hiss,

Like those old Greeks at Salamis,

Or Nelson, whose splendid star

Flamed highest at Trafalgar ;

Till with blood and terrible heat,

Whelmed in the flood they are ?

What has become of the Fleet !

Where are the Ships of the Czar !

What has become of the Fleet ?

Where are the ships of the Czar ?

Speak ! thou just God, from thy seat,

And tell the round world where they
are !

Such doom, when for greed they make
war,

Be ever for tyrants in store !

Down in the depth below,

Where the corse and the kraken go ;

Where the gardens of the deep
In the pale green silence sleep ;
Where the slaver's bulk was rolled,
And the galleon with its gold ;
Where the relics and treasures lie,
That are lost to the earth and sky ;—
There, with the slime and the dark,
Where lightens no ray and no spark ;
Where comes no sudden shriek or roar,
Where battle-thunders sound no more ;
Weeds for their winding-sheet,
Batter'd and broken in war,—
There lies the Romanoff Fleet!
There are the Ships of the Czar !

JUNO'S FAVORITE.

AN OLD FABLE IN A NEW DRESS.

“EAR JUNO, to your favorite's request
Attend! Thus did her petted Peacock
plead:

“ Richly thou hast endowed me;—mark this
breast,

These painted fan-like glories broadly spread!
Yet, one more gift to bid my heart rejoice,—
Give me the Nightingale's melodious voice.”

Darkened the brow of the oft-gracious Queen:

“ A liberal dower have I on you conferred;
What starry grace, what rainbow tint and sheen,
Are proudly yours, my fairest, favorite bird!
Content you, then ; nor make a vain pretence
In everything to hold preeminence.”

HYMN,

WRITTEN FOR A CHILDS' FLOWER-FESTIVAL.

TYPES of our Savior, ye symbols so glorious,
 O'er the earth scattered, or set in the sky,
 Speak to our hearts with a language victorious,
 Tell us of Him who ascended on high !

Bring us His Lilies, that tell of His purity ;
 Bring us His Roses, all red like His blood ;
 Bring us His Palm, type of rest and security,
 Home of refreshment, and Garden of God.

Show us the Morning Star, clearest and brightest ;
 Show us, at twilight, His gem o'er the sea ;
 Rise, O thou Rock, the wild billow that smitest !
 Star of our hope, and sure refuge, is He.

Bread for us broken, our precious subsistence,
 Feeding our souls in the desolate waste ;
 Fount upon fount flowing up from the distance,
 When we are thirsty, delighting our taste.

Fruit-bearing Vine, wide-extending thy branches,
 In thee my life-giving Savior I see ;
 Flocks of the folds, scattered wide o'er the ranches,
 Unspotted Lamb, and Good Shepherd, is He.

Home of my childhood, my memory's fond centre,
 Portal beloved ! thou sayest to me,

*He is the Door, and by Him thou may'st enter;
He is thy Way; thy Companion is He.*

Types of our Savior, exalt Him, express Him !
Emblems of beauty, in sky and in sea ;
Flowers of the field, in your blooming confess
Him ;
Bright with the smile of His welcome are ye !

THE BRITISH FLAG.

FROM THE FRENCH OF LOUIS FRECHETTE.

*A French Canadian father, pointing to
the Flag on the Citadel at Quebec, thus ad-
dresses his son.*

“REGARD, my son,—admire, ”
So spake to me my sire,—
“Yon banner, bravely borne,
Wherever wakes the morn!
Our Land,” my Father said,
“Hath prospered where it led ;
Where’er that Flag may be,
It dwells with Liberty.
“That banner, son of mine,
Is Britain’s bright ensign ;
Ever it waves on high
In unstained majesty ;
Unfolding everywhere,
It gladdens all the air ;
And over land and sea
It floats triumphantly.

“ An eighth part of the globe
Its beauty doth enrobe ;
The ensign of command,
It waves o’er many a land ;
Hiding, with color new,
Some bit of heaven’s blue ;—
Yet ne’er obscures a ray
In that serene of day.

“ O’er continent and sea
It towers exultantly ;
And ever, where it flies,
Go Art and Enterprise :
See its red glow emerge
From Ocean’s farthest verge,
While desert lands remote
Behold it proudly float.

“ It waves o’er great and small ;
Its impress is on all :
To far-off wild and den,
To tribes of savage men,
It comes, to charm their sight,
A harbinger of light,
And to the world supplies
Each art may civilize.

“ And in the march direct
Of human intellect,
Through mists and twilights gray
Behold it lead the way ;
Like dove, from ark released,
After the flood had ceased,

Or guiding column high
Upreamed at Sinai.

“That glorious Flag, of old,
In days when men were bold,
'Gainst ours was lifted high
In martial rivalry :
Then was it deemed the peer
Of ours, and destined here
To bring defeat—*not shame*—
In the hot race of Fame.

“Ah ! then was prov'n its might
In many a famous fight ;
O'er many a sea unfurled,
Men saw its thunders hurled ;
Through troubled years, at length,
It measured strength with strength ;
Theirs—ours—alternately,
Defeat and victory.

“God's will alone may be !
—He doomed the *Flours-de-lys*
Before *that Flag* to bow,—
Secure and sovereign now :
Though oft, by hill and glen,
It wrought us sorrow then,
It since, of old distress
Hath taught forgetfulness.

“And if, with regal sway
That banner float to-day
Yon rocky rampart o'er,

Sacred to France, of yore,
 It waves benignantly
 Above a people free ;
 No faith doth it betray,
 It takes no right away.

“ Vanished, each gloomy form
 Of battle and of storm ;
 Forget, as best we may
 In brightness of to-day,
 The sorrow of the past,
 Since Peace hath come, at last :
 And since, my Son, we have
 O'er us yon banner brave,
 Our Freedom and our Faith
 To cover from all scaith,
 Let us, whene'er we see,
Salute it reverently. ”

—“ But, Father,—if I dare
 To question,—yet forbear
 And pardon, if I err :
Which Flag must we prefer?
 Say, is there not ONE, yet ?
 OUR OWN—*must we forget?* ”

“ *Ah, that !* ” exclaimed my Sire,
 His moist eyes flashing fire,
 While deep his accents spring,—
 “ THAT—THAT !—the carte of cartes !
 The Lily of our hearts !
 —*That's quite another thing !*

Our homage we confer ;
*For he must bow, who sees,
And kiss it on his knees!"*

THE BROOK.

Thou brook, by which my childish feet
Were wont in infancy to run,
Flowing 'mid fern and meadow-sweet,
The fairest underneath the sun!
Through pastures rich in mint and balm,
And where the flowering laurels grow,
With gurgling sound, 'mid evening's calm
I followed still as thou didst go.
Where alders overhang thy wave,
Where stately cliffs frowned o'er thee
high,
Still dost thou chant thy cheery stave—
Thy soft, unending lullaby.
Here, 'mid the August heat, I came
To bathe me in thy crystal pool,
When sank to rest day's sultry flame,
And I had been released from school.
Here by the hour I loved to sit,
And pore upon thy dimpling tide:
Rippling and quivering at my feet,
In whorls and eddies would'st thou glide.
The flowers are thy companions still,
Thy guardian birches o'er thee lean;
The moon her golden round doth fill,
And in thy glass is mirrored seen.

Flow on, as musical and fleet,
O streamlet, once my pride and care !
Thy waters not less pure or sweet,
Thy flowery borders not less fair.
Tho' youth and home and friends are gone,
And I from thee am far away,
I hear thy voice in that far dawn,
Thou freshenest in my heart to-day.
O, brook ! "Thro' shade and sunny gleam,"
Along thy track of bounding joy
Still flow, the same delightful stream
I followed when I was a boy !

THE HILLS OF SCOTLAND.

A Scottish maiden, sick and dying, who was making her journey from America to her native land, was brought on deck by her attendant just at sunset. "Is the scene beautiful ?" they inquired, who gathered around her. "Yes," she answered, "but I'd sooner see the hills of Scotland." Then, closing her eyes for a moment and opening them again, her face took on an expression of gladness, and she exclaimed :—" I see them noo, an' aye they're bonnie ! —they're bonnie ! But I never kenned before that it was the hills of Scotland where the prophet saw the horsemen and the chariots ; but I see them a', and we're almost ther !" Then with a smile of peace she closed her eyes to open no more on earth.



H ! the bonnie hills o' Scotland !
Shall I ever see them mair,
Standing at the gates o' sunset,
Purple in the golden air ?
Hasten ! Oh ye white wings, hasten !
Glide the widening waters o'er !

But, ah, the beauty of her mind !
 It was a gift beyond compare ;
 Her eyes were of the heavenly kind,
 And love alone engaged her care.

There was a lass I chanced to meet,—
 Her music met the sufferer's moan ;
 To deeds of mercy flew her feet,
 For needy souls she lived alone.
 Ah ! Heaven has pity ! Heaven is meet
 For such as she,—and she is there !
 She did not know her voice was sweet,
 She did not know her face was fair.

THE UNRECOGNIZED POET.

THIS is not Song, the lasting Silence saith ;
 No heart is moved, no mind convinced of
 Art ;

In this wide world of loveliness no part
 Hast thou to show the fruit and power of Faith.
 O, world-scorned Dreamer ! haunted by the
 wraith

Of Hope that never may to Deed mature,
 No firm response shall e'er thy heart assure
 Ere thou go out and down to Lethean Death.

Why longer with the *Makers*, then, appear ?

Art is too high, too subtle Song, for thee ;
 The public favor is a bird too shy ;
 Nor even the Critic worthy of his sneer
 Now deems thee.—Ah ! indeed, this well
 may be !

Yet hearts must hope and dream, or else
 they die.

ONE MORE.

○ NE more caress, darling, before we part ;
 Mine eyes discern not far the silent shore ;
 Soon me thou'lt press no longer to thine
 heart,

My voice shalt hear no more.

“ Oh, love, so long as love to thee remains ! ”

Together once we read that tender lay ;
 Yet never seemed that bliss which never wanes
 So sacred as to-day.

Ah, love me but the more that I must go
 From thine enfolding arms ! 'Tis love I prize ;
 For I would taste its sweetness here, then know
 Its rapture in the skies.

Mind not the lonely pillow thou must press,
 Think not of solitude, with many a tear ;
 In nights of gloom, with wakeful tenderness,
 Shall I not still be near ?

Yea, I shall come, if any way may be !

Thy love—the dearest treasure I possess—
 Thinkest thou that, when I am reft from thee,
 I can esteem it less ?

Thou art mine own ; of thy possession sure,
 Here, none could ever win my heart away ;
 In yon unchanging world Love dwells secure ;—
 There may we live for aye.

One more caress, darling, before we part !

Mine eyes discern not far the silent shore :
 Love me ! for soon thou'lt press me to thy heart,
 Soon hear my voice, no more.

McPHERSON'S ENTREATY.

John McPherson, a poet and schoolmaster of rural Nova Scotia, in the early part of the last Century, is the subject of this song, and is supposed to be the singer. Having fallen into a decline, and living on the verge of destitution, and in a miserable unfinished house, he became temporarily unbalanced, and during a paroxysm of his madness behaved so violently that his wife fled from him to take refuge among her friends. Upon coming to himself, and realizing his forlorn situation, in the utmost spirit of penitence he wrote to her a poetical epistle, which contained this pathetic appeal :

O, surely thou wilt not delay,
While I shall listen for thy feet !
My heart goes out thy step to greet,
O loved one, who wilt cheer my home,—
Wilt make remembered sorrow sweet,
And lighten every care to come.

She came, in answer to his call, for she had no purpose to abandon him ; though in a brief period his disease culminated and the longer separation that comes with death ensued.

A!! MUST we sever, dearest, forever,
After the years we together have known?
I, who would bless thee, clasp and caress
thee,

Cry,—Wilt thou leave me to languish alone?
Ne'er would I grieve thee,—I, who did weave
thee

Passionate songs, ere my harp was outworn:
Sunken, sad-hearted, hope long departed,—

Ah, but *thou* knowest how deeply I mourn !
Once I aspired, dared and desired ;
Laurels for singing to win thee I tried :

104 The Birds Of The Cross.

Fancy, bright rover ! thy fond dream is over ;
Sorrow and solitude humble my pride.

My faint fingers tire and fail from the lyre ;
Spent, its wild music and innocent glee :
Yet come the years, bringing laurels for singing,—

HARP OF ACADIA !—and honors for thee.

Fallen this gloom in, thou canst illumine
My horror of darkness, and succor my woe :
Come ! and dream over days when thy lover
Sang in the sunshine of love, long ago.

Ah ! can I move thee,—I, who still love thee ?
Flutters with hope my now penitent breast !
Canst thou not see, love, my heart beats for
thee, love ?

Deem me not cold, wife, but sorely distressed !

Now my wild yearning for thy returning
I breathe through my harp,—Oh, vouchsafe
me reply !

Then, if thou hearest,—sweetest and dearest !
Glad in thine arms let me hasten to die !

CUBA.

HEAR, O my brothers ! hear that cry of woe
Which deepens ever on the Southern
breeze !

Still Cuba weeps, and still the coral seas
Redden and sigh to feel her overthrow :
Ierne's* and Armenia's doom they know,
On whose starved lips our bread is sweet :
but wine

* Ireland.

I would see the hills o' Scotland,
Tread my ain, my native shore.

Oh, the bonnie hills o' Scotland!
There I wandered when a child,
Mid the glens wi' tumblin' burnies,
An' the heather bloomin' wild:
Noo my heart is faint and droopin',
An' this bosom sair wi' pain;
Yet, the bonnie hills o' Scotland,
I wad look on them again!

Oh, ye hills! ye hills o' Scotland!
I hae lo'ed ye, greetin' sair!
Noo I see ye in the sunset,
Ye are bonnie—ye are fair!
Ha!—the horsemen o' the Prophet,
An' the chariots I see!
O, ye holy hills of Heaven,
Ye are fairer still, to me!

BELLE BORNE BROOK

SILLERY, QUEBEC.

QUANCIES innumerable hover round thy name,
Thou silver thread of music winding down
To kiss the haunted waves that lisp of fame,
Lapping gray crags by a Canadian town;
Throned on a fortress-rock high in the North,
Long-while the seat of Gallia's sons of war;
From whose worn walls of old Champlain look'd
forth,
Where Wolfe, expiring, deathless honor bore.

What proud-lit eyes survey the spacious scene,
And trace St. Charles along his verdant shore,
Cheered by his glow, and Sillery's groves of
green,

Where, hid in woods, thou sportest evermore!

What fairy presence dwells apart with thee,
O Belle Borne Streamlet! listening to thy
voice?

Mingling thy ripples so melodiously,
It seems thou hast a soul that can rejoice!

Impregn'd with sweets from flowery meadows
won,
Or woodsy odor, where the grove is high,
Thou court'st the Mayflower's shade, or in the
sun,
Glancest at trillium or blue violet, nigh.

Oft, with continuous laughter thou dost run
In mimic cascades down each stony stair;
Flinging thy crystal joy to air and sun,
Changing to gladness whatsoe'er is fair.

Thou sing'st aloud to Beauvoir, gay demesne,
In innocent mockery of the morning birds;
By Spencer Grange winds on thy creeping sheen
Fond as the feeding flocks or dreaming herds.

So clear thou sing'st when Sage and Poet meet,
Thy bickering beauties they must come to
trace;
While many a legend shall their Guide repeat,
The lov'd Historian of that sylvan place.*

* Sir James Macpherson Le Moyne, of Spencer Grange,
the genial doyen and chronicler of Quebec,

With thee the vesper chime is heard afar ;
 With the soft Angelus thou dost tinkling
 glide ;
While the sun lights thee, or the evening star,
 And pale Romance sits hovering by thy side.
Some gentle nun has found thee her lov'd bourn ;
 Here fond enamor'd lovers wont to stray ;
Here the quaint scholar greets the dewy morn,
 Sprinkling from Helicon the infant day.
Now newly hath the Spring thy sprite released,
 Loosed from dumb frost thy gleesome wave
 wins free ;
The festival of song, the flowery feast,
 And the long sunshine, bring thy jubilee.
The lofty-swinging pines their nursling greet ;
 Replenished, the green maples thee espouse ;
The household robin and the brown thrush
 sweet
 Make thee their answer from the whispering
 boughs.
Perhaps, at Marchmont, from some hasty brink
 Thou'lt take the swallow's kiss, wild-answering
 ing
The tipsy tumbler, saucy Bobolink,—
 Leaving that wanton trifler on the wing.
With gay caprice the golden butterfly
 Shall flicker o'er where thy pure eye may see ;
The insect-dragon dart thy pools a-nigh,
 And near thy shallows drone the burnie-bee.

100 The Birds Of The Cross.

What tones may reach thee through thy guardian trees,

Where thou thy mystic converse holdest all,
From the rude clangorous world borne on the breeze ?

—Or dost thou hear men's voices when they call?

The thund'rous city, deaved from morn to night
Where clamorous throngs fill all the walks of trade;

The echoing gun, from Stadacona's height,—
Say, can they pierce thy calm, contiguous shade ?

Nay, for however Man may drudge and groan,
Like some strong Spirit where Time holds no sway,

A thing of joy and light, content, alone,
Unstained, thou holdest youth's perpetual way.

And by thy side the wight of weariness
May find the unity of tranquil thought,—
May breathe the healing of thy wave, and bless
The harmonizing spell by Nature wrought.

Not missionless, through Sillery's green domain
O Belle Borne Brook ! thou wanderest, wild
and free ;

To gentle hearts with sylvan dreams again
Thou comest, and their singing is of thee !

SONG.

HERE was a lass I chanced to meet,—
A lass so modest and so rare,
She did not know her voice was sweet,
She did not know her face was fair ;

And manna to the souls that starve and pine
Is Freedom, that we prize and cherish so.
Cruel Hispania ! What tho', crushing still
Our Island Sister, thou on us dost frown ;
Yet can Columbia turn her eyes away,
And, thy rapacious pleasure to fulfil,
Leave her own kind for thee to trample down,
In lustful wrath to famish and to slay ?

HOOD.

THE tearful tender songs he sung,
His rose-hued fancies, dew-impearled,
Are evermore embalmed among
The morning-memories of the world.

Ah, gentle-bosomed Bard ! he knew
Two angels met to bless his birth,—
To scatter flowers, to sprinkle dew,—
And one was Music, one was Mirth.

Now Puck, now Ariel, breathed his strain,
And wove their sparkling gossameres
Above the purple flower of Pain,
And by the streaming fount of Tears.

The creatures Shakespeare's magic knew,
Once known on Avon's haunted shore,
Meet in the moonlight of his view,—
Yet not the gleeful sprites of yore.

The greenwood and the mould'ring hall
Are quick with many an eerie tone :
We answer to his pensive call,
Who speaks the things our hearts have
known.

How quick, how warm, his pulse would
beat,

When Pity stirred his genial fire !
How would his pleading pen entreat,
When wrong evoked his tearful ire !

And hear him breathe a woman's sigh !
Ah, Magdalen ! did bard deplore
The fallen fair so piteously,
With such sweet eloquence, before !

While morn revisits his lov'd hills,
And lights his cottage chamber nook ;
While pensive Autumn overfills
Our hearts, as rain the meadow brook ;
While misery doth compassion move,
While beats the tender heart and good,
Be blessing on the Bard we love,—
The gentle shade of Thomas Hood !

BURNS.

WHEN he was born the Muses all were
wild
With joy, this prodigy of Song to see :
Art, smiling said, "He is my darling child !"
"O, no," cried Nature, "He belongs to me!"

THE THRUSH

HEARD ON THE PEMAQUID.

HARK ! 'tis the Hermit's evening note,—
The Thrush, in leafy thicket hid ;
His vesper carol—hear it float
Across the rushing Pemaquid !

But, oh ! my Love—my Love is near !
Thro' the still air her voice outrings !
The Thrush himself may pause to hear
Her bird-like carol, when she sings !

The crystal stream makes sweet the air ;
At last the vesper Thrush is still :
Another chanter now is there,—

Hark ! *hush ! . . . it is . . . the Whip-*
poor-will !

But, oh ! my Love,—my Love is near !
More clearly now her voice outrings !
And bird and stream may pause to hear
Her bird-like carol, when she sings !

THE DOVES.

FROM THE FRENCH OF GAUTIER.

PALM TREE lifts its slumberous shade ;
Beneath it three small graves are made :
With shaft erect, with soft green plume,
It stands, sole warden of the tomb.

When Evening cometh, presently
Home to its shade the Doves will fly :
Through the warm night 'tis their sweet
lair ;

They cluster close and nestle there.

Then, fluttering out at morning-tide,
Like a white necklace scattering wide
Its loosen'd pearls, they mount on high,
And vanish, lost in the deep sky.

My Soul is like that green palm tree:
Such dove-like fancies come to me ;
They fall from Heaven at close of day,
But fly with morn's first beam away.

VICTORIA.

He set the royal crown upon her head and made her queen.

ESTHER, 2:17.

GOD made her Queen: In a long line she
came.—

Such as had known the splendor of a throne ;

And England's realm was early named her own,
While the world uttered her auspicious name.
Yet did God make her Queen : His sacred flame
Inspired with purest love her virgin heart ;
Yea, wisdom to her choice did He impart,
And honor, never to be turned to shame.
The Isles looked up to her ; she was enthroned
In all affections ; virtue to her reign
Gave added lustre ; her sweet face, serene,
Chief of all womankind, her people owned ;
Kings, poets, did her reverence. Not in vain,
God, and a loyal Nation, made her Queen !

THE GRAVE WITHIN MY HEART.

A kinswoman, who bore my name, perished in an open boat of cold and thirst, off the coast of Patagonia. The burning of her husband's ship was the occasion of this dire necessity. I have referred to this event in an earlier writing :

With eyes dilate, we shared their dumb dismay
Who, on long-rolling South Atlantic seas,
Fled their doomed ship, and, streaming on the breeze,
Saw the swift mocking fires light up their way.

She died in the arms of her husband, the last accents from her lips being,—“ Oh, Harding ! I am so cold !—so COLD ! ” She was buried in the sand on the Patagonian coast, so near the low-water mark that the returning tide might cover her grave, and so protect the precious remains from the marauding savages. The existence of two little girls alone kept him from despair, and enabled him to make his way home ; but he never emerged from the shadow into which his life had fallen.

HERE is a grave, so far, so bleak, and low,
That there my wandering feet may never
go ;

'Twas made with trembling in the cold sea-sand ;
Yet was it dug, tho' in a foreign land,
Deep in my bleeding heart.

There is a grave, so dank and dark and lone !
And into it my life of life has gone ;
Yet one is known to sighing and to tears,
That holds the buried treasure of past years,—
It lies within my heart.

There no white stone shows glimmering thro'
the night,
There no soft star drops down its pitying light,
There stands no cypress or funereal yew ;—

Yet Memory steeps with penitential dew
 That grave within my heart.

Oh, Wife ! thy dying moan dwells in my ear !
 Oh, Wife ! thy perished face so dread, so drear,
 'Neath those rude sands on Patagonia's shore !
 Beside that grave I linger evermore,
 For it is in my heart.

Faint hope, weak will,—would *ye* were buried
 there !

Reproach of self, and sadness, and despair !
 The good, the fair, lie buried deep below ;
 —Ah ! would that something green might on it
 grow,—
 That grave within my heart!

All things I hear, and all I feel and see,
 Are mingled with that dreadful memory ;
 That dismal Sea leaps in my dreams apace ;
 My burning ship flames weird—I see *her* face,
 Her grave—*within my*
 heart !

In vain I cry,—silence and night succeed ;
 I chafe these bonds, this heart must inly bleed ;
 There is no answer but the winds that rave ;
 There is no resurrection from *that* grave,—
 The grave within my heart!

THE EPITAPH OF KEATS.

WAS his NAME WRIT IN WATER ? Time
 has shown
 That a vain epitaph, and without cause :
 Now let one come to write upon the stone,—
 ALAS ! HE, DYING, SADLY DEEMED IT WAS !

THIS ALSO IS VANITY.

I dreamed last night that Torquemada got the devil in among his heretics, who broke loose and stretched the old Arch Inqui-itor upon his own rack. I blush to acknowledge so much latent wickedness, but I was treated to a very great delicacy, and I have ever been fond of music. How his reverence did squeel ! And Satan did but smile, and remark : " You must admit, holy father, that this a wholly unnecessary and profitless operation ; but you went into the business, and I will see to it that you get your share."

—JOURNAL OF PASTOR FELIX.

VAINLY rests the World its hopes
On its Caesars and its Popes :

This, O Bruno !

Well do you know ;

This to you is obvious, Ovid,

Banished to the Thracian wild ;

Hungering, when your heart was moved,

For the love of wife and child :

This you did too keenly feel,

Prisoner of the Bastille !

This full plainly you may see, O,

Galilei Galileo !

Great Tyrannus Pontifex !

Why will you the nations vex ?

Quisitore Clericus,

What is it you ask of us ?

Sayeth Hugo :

Still will you go

On to rack and to imprison us,—

That old cruel, foolish business ?

Would you seize us, proscribe, libel

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Cleave our bones, and burn our Bible ?
In the name of Him above us !

(Manes of Latimer and Guyon !)

Do you hate us ? do you love us ?

Torquemada—bitter shrew

Of the rack, the torch, the screw,—

What is it you propose to do

With the Eagle and the Lion ?

Vainly rests the World its hopes

On your scaffolds, racks, and ropes !

They're no use,—

Are they, Huss ?

What have *they* done ?—I would ask all,—

Campanella—Colon—Pascal ?

Mitred Dullness ! can you tell—hey ?

What fool's whip once scourged Prinelli ?

Can ye persuade the World that ye

Are Arbiters of Destiny,

And Masters of Eternity ?

May not such as well be spared ——

Wycliffe,—Tyndale,—Bonnivard ?

Nay, but scaffolds, racks, and scourges,

Multiply Faith's Boanerges !

Nay. but Truth flames broader, higher,

Borne aloft on wings of fire !

Stake or stone do make it free, O,

Galilei Galileo !

WHEN DOCTOR LUTHER CAME.

And you saw Luther? 'Tis a wondrous soul !

Browning. Paracelsus.

“UTHER, come quickly!” So the mes-
sage saith:
“Melanchthon lies upon the bed of
death.”

The Friend is here: how still the sick man
lies!

With what blanched face, and with what
sunken eyes.

“Let me arouse him.” For a little space
Melanchthon gazes into Luther’s face.

“Ah! Luther, is it you?—But let me cease
From this world’s anguish, to depart in peace.”

“We cannot spare you, Philip, ” eagerly
Luther replies,—“We cannot let you die!”

Then Luther kneels: faith bears triumphant
sway,

Meanwhile he prays, as he knows how to pray.

During the space of half an hour they hear
Strong cries out-poured in the Eternal Ear.

Then to the bed, as one who would command,
He goes, and takes his comrade by the hand.

Melanchthon sighs: “Ah, Luther, let me go!”
But, “No!” cries Luther; “No! Melanchthon,
No!

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“Death must yield to our need,—we cannot let
You go to-day,—we cannot spare you yet !”

Then says the Doctor : “He hath eaten nought:
Bring him some broth.” The nurturing draught
is brought.

“Take this, Melanchthon,—*drink it !*” Luther
cries,

And strives to help the sick man to arise.

“It is in vain !” so doth Melanchthon sigh ;

“Bless me, dear Luther, and then let me die !”

“THOU SHALT NOT DIE !” cries Luther, stern
as fate ;

“*Drink this ! or thou art excommunicate !*”

Melanchthon drinks—a long, deep draught ;
revives,

Rises, and through laborious years, survives.

So Death retires, who bears but partial sway ;
While God, and Life, and Luther, win the day.

RACA.

’Tis easy to cry “Raca.”—JOHN READE.

For one hypocrite who is decked with the honors of
virtue, there are twenty good men who suffer the igno-
miny of vice ; so well disposed are individuals to trample
upon the fame of their fellow-creatures.

ET not your outcry be too long or loud,
Ye Levite-Guardians of Truth’s sacred
shrine,

If some with garments soiled press in the
crowd,

If there are spots where beams were meant to
shine:

Zeal, without knowledge, mars the House
Divine,

When therewith mingles Pride's most subtle
leaven ;

Wormwood is mixed with sacramental wine,
And chill invades the softest airs of Heaven.

He who set Truth and Justice in the earth
Gave Mercy, too, and Charity, to man:

Have care, uprooting Error's monstrous birth,
Ye not disturb the Garden's sacred plan.

Gird ye that Falsehood Honor's garland wears?
Weep o'er the Just who, crushed and scorned,
despairs!

THE MAKING OF MEN.

[President Harris, of the State University, at Orono, Maine, while delivering an address before the Legislature at Augusta, asked the question: "What are the farms fit for, if not for raising boys?" His words, being misunderstood at first, provoked dissent; but they were subsequently understood and applauded.]

The best political economy is the care and culture of men.—EMERSON.

A WORD to a restless people in a, fast and
feverish Age:
A perfect manhood is better than any
wealth or wage.

Some are for gold, some, glitter; but tell me,
tell me, when

Will we stand for the Farm and the College,
that go to the making of Men?

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Yes, what is the old Farm fit for ? The word
was wisely said :

There may be stumps in the pasture, and the
house may be a shed ;

Yet what if a Lincoln or Garfield be here, in
this boy of ten ?

And what should the Farm be fit for, if not for
the rearing of Men ?

'Tis a scanty soil for the seeding; yet here we
win our bread,

And a stout heart may grow stronger where
plough and harrow are sped :

Then break up the high, bleak hillside, and
trench the swamp and fen ;—

For what should the Farm be fit for, if not the
rearing of Men ?

The crop by the frost is blighted—a niggard
the season seems ;

Yet the ready hand finds duties, and the
youthful heart has dreams :

The Bar or the Senate to-morrow—to-morrow
the Pulpit or Pen ;

For what is the Farm best fitted, if not the
rearing of Men ?

Or, what if our lot be humble, and we on the
Farm abide ?

There is room for noble living, and the realm
of thought is wide :

The sword outflashed in the battle hath honor
we all may ken ;

But is there no praise and no glory to go with
the making of Men ?

Is our life all in gold and silver, in clamor and
splendor and pride?

Is the Heart's rich treasure nothing, and the
Mind's high guerdon, beside?

In the mine of the Soul lies our fortune,—let
us quarry it deep again;

Let us stand for the Farm and the College,
that go to the making of Men!

We tread the hills that the Holy, that the
Beautiful hath trod ;

We till the fields of the Infinite, we dress the
gardens of God:

The Seer, the Sage, and the Poet, they choose
it again and again;—

For what is the old Farm fit for, if not the
rearing of Men?

THE LONELY PINE.

REMOTE, upon the sunset-shrine
Of a green hill, a lonely Pine
Beckons this hungry heart of mine.

“Draw near,” it always seems to say,
Look thither whensoever I may,
From the dull routine of my way ;—

“I hold for thee the heavens in trust ;
My priestly branches toward thee thrust,
Absolve thy fret, assoil thy dust.”

Yet when I come it heeds not me ;
The stars amid the branches see
But lonely man, and lonely tree ;—

And lonely Earth, that holds in thrall
Her children ; while Eve gathers all
To fold, within her shadowy wall.

In starry senate doth arise
Yon lumined Spirit of the skies,
Walking with radiant ministries.

But, sighing from its kindred wood
After its green-robed brotherhood,
The Pine tree feeds my wonted mood.

For, with its spell around me thrown,
Dreaming of social pleasures flown,
I grieve, yet joy to be alone.

Yet in my lonely Pine there dwells,
When 'mid its breast the soft wind swells,
A prophet of sweet oracles.

Like a faint sea on far-off shore,
With its low-muffled, elfin roar,
It speaks one language evermore ;—

One language, unconstrained and free,
The converse of the answering Sea,
The old rune of Eternity.

Its freshening music breatheth sooth
The uncorrupted dream of youth,
Restoreth Love, unveileth Truth.

It speaketh that felicity
Which, being not, we deem may be ;
It centres Hope in Certainty.

So, stronger, from this green hill-shrine
I turn to cares and tasks of mine,
And grateful, bless my healing Pine.

TO THE SUN.

☉ EVER-JOYOUS Spirit of Delight !
, Thou rapture-giving, high, eternal Sun!
, Again thou hast thy course unwearied
run,

And leav'st to us the shadow we call Night.
Spring's Dowager, thou stoopest from thy
height,

With dower of stars and flowers to gild thy
reign ;

Thou givest bloom and fragrance to the plain,
And all the mountain tops for thee are bright!
Stream-loosener! shedding living crystal where
More blithe for thee the limpid brooklets flow;
Rich in diffusion, thou dost still bestow
Thy light, as hearts give love,—a treasure rare;
—Made glorious in the cloud, the azure glow;
Made beauteous in the roses and the snow.

ROOT AND BLOSSOM.

☉ ORD! rooted well like a brave tree in earth,
Whose leafy branches throb with winged
mirth,

Let me aspire beyond Time's narrow bars,
And lift my green top radiant to the stars.

“MY HOPE IS IN THEE.”

Every creature has its element ; the fish, the sea : the bird, the air ; the body, the earth ; the soul, its God. The confession of Saint Augustine is the utterance of a common need. What means it that we are fretted and jaded and galled and disappointed, that we are disheartened and exhausted ? What means it, that Pleasure has Pain for its shadow, and that, “ There is that which frets us in the flow-ers themselves ? I know of but one answer : ‘ Thou madest us for thyself, O God ! and our hearts are restless until they repose in THEE.’ ”—JOURNAL OF PASTOR FELIX.

☉ THOU oracular Delphi ! speaking clear,
With thy mysterious, secret, sibyl-tongue !
How *can we* KNOW OURSELVES ? When
we are young,
Our eyes are dazzled ; old, our eyes are blear.
What *is* that inward SELF, of which we hear ?
Inconstant as the wind, or hoary main,
It seems *not single*.—nay, nor even TWAIN,
But MULTIPLEX, in its uncertain sphere.
How difficult, self-knowledge, self-control !
Flung, like an atom to the whirling wind,
Or like a chip to the tumultuous sea ;
In twilight-paths of Hope and Fear, my Soul,
Unfit herself to know, her way to find,—
Thou all-revealing Lord, I cry to Thee !

THE MESSENGER.

“ EAR ye my call, ye sons of men !”
Still doth celestial Wisdom cry :
“ When will ye seek for me,—ah, when !
Nor put your better portion by ?

“ Here at the gates of Gain and Power,
God’s Messenger, unheard, I stand ;
Repeat my counsel o’er and o’er,
And sound my warning thro’ the land.

“ I see the Sons of Pleasure pass ;
The Mighty set their thrones on high ;
The Mean stoop low ;—but all, alas !
Do pass their better portion by !

“ Hear me to-day ! Thy God will give
Of Truth and Grace the full supply !
Mine are the words by which ye live,
And only they who slight them die.

“ Silver and gold are shining dust,
And gems of lustre must decay ;
But who in Wisdom puts his trust
Hath that which cannot fade away.”

AN AUTUMNAL HYMN.

AUTUMN has come,—sweet Sabbath of the
year !

Its feast of splendor satiates our eyes ;
Its saddening music, falling on the ear,
Kids pensive musing in the heart arise :
Now earlier shadows veil the sunset skies,
And bright the stars and harvest moon do
shine ;

The woodbine's blood-red leaves the morn
espies

Hung from the dripping elm ; the yellow-
ing pine

And fading goldenrod denote the year's decline.

The light is mellow over all the hills ;
Silence in all the vales sits listening ;
A holy hush the sky's great temple fills,
As if Earth waited for her spotless King :

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Nor is there want of sacred ministering ;
The laden trees seem priests all consecrate ;
The rustling cornfields seem to chant his
praise !

Surely Man's thankfulness, 'mid his estate
A gladsome hymn should not forget to raise
To Him whose bounteous hand doth ever crown
our days !

To Him be praise when harvest-fields are
bare,

And all the sheaves are safely gathered in ;
When merry threshers vex the sunny air,
And ruddy apples crowd the scented bin !
Praise Him, when from the dim mill's mis-
ty din

In floury bags the golden meal comes home ;
And praise Him for the bread ye yet may
win,

When steaming horses plough the fertile
loam,

And so prepare the way for harvests yet to come.

Praise Him, when round the fireside spark-
ling clear,

The household group at evening smiling
meet ;

To Him, whose goodness crowns the circ-
ling year,

Lift up the choral hymn in accents sweet ;
The comeliness of Song lift to His seat,
Who, from His palace of eternal praise,
His earth-born children hears their joys re-
peat ;

Nor answer to their thankfulness delays,
But more their grateful love with blessing new
repays.

Our chastened hearts shall hunger not for
gold ;
Enough, the splendor of these sunset skies,
The scarlet pomp from maple bough un-
rolled,
The high-built woods' resplendent phanta-
sies :
Ah ! think, if these no more could win thine
eyes,
Nor earth, nor skies, nor the majestic sea ;
If Love were gone—that jewel Angels prize!
And all that makes the Soul's felicity,—
What, then, were gems and gold, O famished
one, to thee ?

Not bread, that strengtheneth the heart of
man,—
(For this be praise !)—alone our Father
gives ;
More provident, the Heavenly Husbandman
Gives the diviner food by which man lives:
Not gladdening wine alone the heart re-
ceives,
Nor oil, which makes his mortal face to
shine ;
Like Autumn rain from dripping cottage
eaves,
He gives the thirsty Soul a draught divine:
Come ! lay your thankful sheaves, first fruits
upon His shrine !

THE LOBSTERMAN.



IT is'nt all fun for the Lobsterman,
 Tho' a hardy wight he be,
 ' And tho' he come with a cheery face,
 Like the sun on a twinkling sea :

He sets his traps, and he baits his traps,—
 And it is'nt the best of sport
 To find, when he measures his crusty-backs,
 That half of 'em fall short.

And the Lobster-folk are a funny folk,
 They do not care if you are dead-broke !
 For once I heard a fisherman say,—
*“ These jokers will with your fortunes
 play,
 An' oft they act like sin !
 You set your traps,
 And you bait your traps,
 THEN SOMETIMES THEY'LL G'WIN,
 SOMETIMES THEY'LL G'WOUT,
 SOMETIMES THEY'LL G'WOFF ! ”*

O it is'nt all fun for the Lobsterman,
 With the brunt of our Island shores,
 When the boats bob quick at their moor-
 ing,
 And the wild Sou'easter roars ;
 When the white spume flies where the dark
 reef lies,
 And the wind it seems to say,—
*“ Look out for your traps, you Lobstermen—
 Look out for your traps, to-day ! ”*

And the Lobster-folk are a funny folk,
About the traps they dally and poke :
And once I heard a fisherman say,—
*“Just when you ought to be making hay,
Why then they act like sin !*

*You set your traps,
You bait your traps,*
THEN SOMETIMES THEY'LL G'WIN,
SOMETIMES THEY'LL G'WOUT,
SOMETIMES THEY'LL G'WOFF !”

He's a-winkin' his eye, is the Lobsterman :
“I've none but friends in port :
The most of my haul will pass, but not all,
For a few of 'em are short :
Yet, all the same, it's a losing game,
Unless I take my toll ;—
Then down comes the Warden, as sudden as
Death,
And confiscates the whole !”

Oh, the Lobsters are such a funny folk !
They give you an egg and take back the
yolk ;
For once I heard a fisherman say,—
*“These hard times they are gettin' gay,
When the Lobsters act like sin !*

*You set your traps,
You bait your traps,*
THEN SOMETIMES THEY'LL G'WIN,
SOMETIMES THEY'LL G'WOUT,
SOMETIMES THEY'LL G'WOFF !”

O, a holiday trip has the Lobsterman,
When the snow sifts in the sea,
And his boat drifts out where the breakers
shout

That leap and whiten a-lee ;
Or the frayed line parts, as the trap he pulls
With mittened hand half froze,—
Yes, the line it parts, as he backward falls,
And into the deep he goes !

And the Lobsters are such a canny folk !
Do they knaw at hearts that were hearts of
of oak ?

Yes, once I heard a fisherman say,—
*"There's now and again a hungry day
When the Lobsters feed like sin !*

*Then you'll set your traps,
And you'll bait your traps,
AND SOMETIMES THEY'LL G'WIN,
SOMETIMES THEY'LL G'WO'UT,
SOMETIMES THEY'LL G'WOFF !"*

TO JOHN IMRIE,
ON READING SOME OF HIS SONGS.

GUID brither o' the Scottish heart an'
tongue,
Sae fraught wi' Burns' an' Ramsay's
tuneful lore,

I mark the home-felt sangs that ye hae sung,
Sweetening with music your Canadian shore.

A loving song to me is always sweet,
Of home and wife and little children dear ;

When Scotia's lays soft native lips repeat,
How rich the Doric accent to my ear !

Dear to me long has been McLachlan's lyre ;
McFarlane's strain of phantasy is dear ;
Oft Wanlock's pensive muse awakes my fire,
Or brings the sudden sympathetic tear.

And Murdoch, looking from his Island shore
On Fundy's wave, has touched me with his
strain ;

And Harper, ripe with his scholastic lore,
Steeps in his heart the product of his brain.

Kind-hearted, gracious Latto ! on the street
Of throng'd Manhattan, men may meet no
more :

Thro' his fond eyes the coast of Fife I greet,
Hear thro' his ears the Norland Ocean roar.

McCall, the brusque, the generous, wakes not
now

His Gaelic harp, as in the elder day ;
And Weir has hung upon the willow bough
That sweet pipe known to many a roundelay.

I ca' them frien's, an' frien's I deem they are !
And now beneath my roof shall henceforth be
Thy honest, simple muse.--Tho' frae afar,
Imrie, I rax a brither's haun to thee !

A SCENE IN THE BETHEL.

 CROWDED, Father Taylor's Bethel :
Mounted on his quarter deck,
With his favorite tars about him,
He portrays a sinking wreck.

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While he speaks they see the yawning
 Gulfs of the tempestuous sea,—
See the blackening heavens above them,
 See the surges smite and flee ;—

See the sailors hurrying, toiling ;
 Hear the thunders booming loud,—
Hear the shrieking of the whirlwind
 As it tears thro' sail and shroud ;—

Hear the rattling, wild deck-trumpet,
 Captain's orders shouting shrill ;
('Tis enough with mortal terror
 Even the stoutest heart to fill !)

And while now the spell is strongest,
 While doom stares them in the face,
And a hush of awe falls deeper,
 He is silent for a space :—

Then, far-leaning o'er the seamen
 Cluster'd round him, with a frown,—
“ Boys ! ” he shouts, “ now man the life-
 boat !
“ See ! the ship is going down ! ”

Quick upleaps a tipsy sailor,
 Knowing not *where he is at*,—
Peers in wild alarm about him,—
 Mutters——“ *Where in ——'s my hat?* ”

Down the aisle he starts and staggers,
 Bent on giving doom the slip ;

Vainly Taylor calls, to halt him,—

“Boys! you need not leave the ship!”

Better than a foundering vessel,

One upon a low lee shore :

“*I'm not moseyin' here,*” he grumbled,

As he bolted thro' the door.

THE PRISONER OF THE ILES DU SALUT.

DREYFUS.

ALAS! my Mother! ere my sands are run,—
O France! deal justly with me, ere I die!
Out of my love, my pain, to thee I cry!
Why hast thou dealt so hardly with thy son?
To thee—to *thee*, what evil have I done,
That, torn from home, to hope, to honor, lost,
Captive I languish on this dreadful coast,
Beneath my Country's frown, her malison?

HIS ENEMIES.

Silence! thou wretch forlorn! It is too late,
If one would lift a pleading voice for thee:
Do dead or damned return, who vanish thro'
The adamantine bolted door of Fate?
Have we not sealed and published the decree?
—*Beside, O wretch! wast thou not born a*
JEW?

THE YOUNG MAN ABSALOM.

AT the Gate stands the old King watching,
While the sun is going down,
For the messenger who is hastening
To Gilead's high-walled town:
At the long delay so anxious,

His spirit begins to chafe,
For he cries, as the scout approaches,—
“*Is the young man Absalom safe ?*”

No matter how went the battle,
No matter for crown or throne ;
But what of the beautiful creature,—
The boy that I love—my own ?
Say, tossed on the tide of battle—
The fairest and dearest waif—
Does he breathe the breath of the living ?
“*Is the young man Absalom safe ?*”

O word of woe and sorrow !
It is cruel that we must speak :
The cry strikes down through the ages,
And the tear is fresh on the cheek ;
For a thousand lips are saying,—
“ Ah ! where is Charlie ?—is Raphe ?
And what of the child of my bosom ?—
“*Is the young man Absalom safe ?*”

WAR.

WRITTEN WHEN THERE WAS RUMOR OF WAR
BETWEEN ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

BACK ! thou dark Angel, with thy garment
 stained in blood,
With flame-shod feet, wild eyes, and ter-
 rible array !
Thou hast no place in any land. to-day,
Where Christ's high Law of Love is understood.
Back ! nor let loose on us again thy crimson
 flood,
These lands to deluge, since nor claim nor cause
 thou hast :
See ! where thy breath has stained and blight-
 ed all the past,

Who art the shame, the horror of the Good !
 Ride forth no more !—or if thy fierce-career-
 ing steed
 Must hasten wildly still upon its mad career,
 For our humanity, with woe increased,
 For wives and little children foully doomed to
 bleed,—
 Ride on ! ride on !—thou hast no mission here !
Right, if thou canst, the agonizing EAST !

MELANCHTHON'S WATCHWORD.

ELANCHTHON, in his darker day,
 When sharp the bolts of Fate were
 hurled,
 To cheer his heart would often say,—
 “ *Let Philip cease to rule the world.*”

So to my Soul would I repeat
 His watchword 'neath life's dark'ning sky,
 When Earth seems trembling 'neath my feet,
 And Hope and Faith and Courage die.

Live, work, and wait ; the subject Hours
 To him who wills shall tribute bring ;
 The Fates give way ; the Heavenly Powers
 Shall take him up and make him king.

Trust thou in God ; the world He planned
 In wisdom ;—own the mighty deed !
 Why fearest thou ? *He* can command,
 To aid thee in thine hour of need,

His Angels from their shining walls ;
His will the demons must obey ;
 His power would gird the Soul that falls,
 His love would guide us in the way.

Let us be glad that He must reign,
Secure in His immortal state :
Through Him our bliss survives our pain ;
His gentleness doth make us great.

His word, how true ! His work how fair !
And, even while we look through tears,
His mercy, iris'd on the air—
That ancient miracle—appears !

The ingrate's faltering word disdain,
Nor play the palterer's sullen part ;
Why should a living man complain,
Or nurse a discontented heart ?

My work to do, while shines the sun,
My song to sing at eventide,
My house of rest, when earth is done,—
With these, let me be satisfied.

If e'er my heart would faint or pine,
Let me look to the hills for aid,
Where Stars of endless mercy shine,
And Heaven's blue banner is displayed.

And when my eyes with tears would fill,
To see my hopes in ruin whirled,
Be mine Melanchthon's watchword still,—
" Let Philip cease to rule the world."

AT HAMPDEN.

INDEPENDENCE DAY, 1893.

A LOOF the village stands, bosom'd in trees ;
Penobscot rolls his sun-bright wave below :
There ply the steamers ; there the vessels
go,

With white sails swelling to the freshening
breeze.

How sweet these airs that blow from blossomy
leas !

How sweet the sound of boatman's dipping oar
From Orrington's secluded, sylvan shore,
With all the river's lights and melodies !

Hark ! 'tis the voice of mirth, where youthful
bands

With many a note vociferous move along !

High floats the star-strewn banner, that com-
mands

The patriot's warmest love, his loftiest song !

The bells are glad, and every heart is gay,

To usher in the Nation's Natal Day !

THE COCK AND THE PEARL.

IMITATED FROM AESOP.

A SELF-IMPORTANT bantam cock—
The master of the feathery flock—
Was strutting his own barn-yard round ;
When, lying white upon the ground,
Shining among the yellow straw,
What proved to be a pearl, he saw ;—
A precious jewel of great cost,
That someone wandering there had lost.

He pecked at it : “ What have we here ? ”

Contemptuously cried Chanticleer :

“ A treasure truly you may be

To such as prize you ;—but for me,

A single barley-corn I more

Esteem, than all your tasteless store !

Yon angleworm, that twists and curls,
Is surely worth a peck of pearls ''
With this, aloft his head he threw,
And lustily the cockscomb crew.

Such is the sordid estimate
Of Genius, in his high estate ;
So Art and Song to nought are turned,
And so is beauteous Wisdom spurned.
The pearls, too seldom found, to-day
As vulgarly are cast away :
The Soul's most precious things are boast
Of him can feel and prize them most.

CHICKADEE.

○ N A SPRAY of yon pine tree,
Cheery as a bird can be,
In this keenest winter weather,
With thy mate, blithe Chickadee,
Thou canst sit and sing together,—
Chick-a-dee-dee-dee.

Wildest storm, on bitterest day,
Cannot drive our bird away,—
Hardy little forest ranger !
Here thou sing'st thy favorite lay,
Dreaming not of harm or danger,—
Chick-a-dee-dee-dee.

Searching for thy food the trees ;
Swung, like flyer on trapeze,
Then erect, for blithest singing,—
That scant song, which still can please,
Thro' the woods' cold arcades ringing,—
Chick-a-dee-dee-dee.

If the trees shall long be bare,
And the snow lie everywhere,
And thy food be scant, come winging
To my window ; crumbs lie there ;
Thou'lt repay me with thy singing,—
Chick-a-dee-dee-dee.

Come sometimes to visit me ;
I will love thee, Chickadee !
Shelter thee from want and cold ;
Make thee of my table free :—
Nay, 'tis thine, this forest old,—
Chick-a-dee-dee-dee.

THE EAGLE.

ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH OF ALFRED DE
VIGNY.

 N the snowy mountain summit—yon ham-
let's silvery crown,
The Spaniard has wounded an eagle, came
swooping suddenly down,—
The great Asturian Eagle, that has threatened
his bounding flock,
As, like the foam of ocean, they break over moss
and rock.

With wings that are fiercely beating, and rain-
ing drops of blood,
The bird mounts heavenward, braving grim
Death, in his hardihood ;
Swift as the flashing leven darts from its sheath
of cloud,

136 *The Birds Of The Cross.*

While shriller than cry of bugle his shriek resounds aloud.

Sunward he steadily mounteth ; his filmy eyes do seek

Its fires, as he would breathe them with widely-opened beak,—

As it were the source omnific whence his towering spirit came,

Or he his life would recapture from its empire of glowing flame.

As if no bolt had stricken, no shaft could reach him, there,

With great wing-strokes he hovers and swims in the golden air ;

In his last rich bath of glory he seems to float and rest ;—

But the hot ball there is burning like a living coal in his breast.

Too sure was the aim of the peasant to give a respite long ;

Strong is the heart of the Eagle, but the grasp of Death is strong :

His wing its shaft drops downward where under the furze-wood glooms ;

As the regal rose in its fading his mantle is shedding its plumes.

Dizzying, his weight bears him downward, of his proud height dispossessed,

Till he sinks in the snow of the mountain with
wildly-heaving breast ;
The mountain's chill creeps closer to the heart
whose valor is done,
And shut is the eye undazzled when it gazed in
the eye of the sun.

O Eagle-Soul, undaunted ! O Spirit of Love and
Song !

Above the Olympian Mountain thou soarest
bright and strong !

Like the Monarch-bird thou hoverest aloft in
the golden air :

Ah ! who can dispossess thee ? What ill can
reach there ?

But, like the storm-born Eagle to his Asturian
glen,

To Earth for treasure thou stoapest ; then fain
would'st soar again :

In vain, for thy heart is stricken ! The Spirit
of Weeping cries :

“ Come ye to the lamentation : behold where
the fallen lies ! ”

CAMP-FIRE MEMORIES.

WRITTEN FOR A POST MEETING OF THE G. A. R.
AT HAMPDEN, OCT., 1897.

 OURS are the memories of those glorious
days

When bugle-notes awoke the slumbering
morn,

When drums made sign for battles to be born,
And blood-stained fields oft met the Soldiers'
gaze.

Again the batteries of Port Hudson blaze,
And roaring dahlgrens thunder a reply,
As dauntless Farragut goes sailing by,
With fleets almost the hostile shores that graze.
Ours are the memories that can never die,
While yet a comrade lives who wore the blue;
Who at Chalmette his ready rifle knew,
Or saw at Irish Bend the foemen fly.
Such scenes, such deeds, in story live again,
When at their Camp-fires meet the Boys of
Maine !

TO RALPH SHAW*

IN REPLY TO AN INVITATION THE PRESENT
WRITER WOULD HAVE BEEN GLAD TO
ACCEPT, BUT FELT OBLIGED TO BE-
CLINE.

DEAR RALPH :—
'Twas in my heart to say
To your fine bidding instant—YEA !
Since Fancy rises, prompt and free,
To your wild nook of Ossipee.
The scenes, how fair ! how blest the days !
How sweet the hospitality !
Sure, these delights, if shared with thee,
I might more justly, warmly praise.
Then careless might we lie in dream,
To list the song of Melvin Stream,
Possess of days—a sunny seven—
Right on the border-land of Heaven !
Begone, dull Care ! ye bonds, away !

* Of Lowell, Mass., author of, "Camp Ossipee, and Other Poems."

—Alas ! the words are vain to say !
Or quickly I my grip would pack,
And hie me o'er the iron track,
Or by the bright Sea's breezy way,
To Portland, and to Melvin Bay ;
Climb upward to CRAGSHIEL, and *prece*
The trout, with Mary's cakes and tea.

But now, while you are thither bent ;
While Rogers* near you spreads his tent ;
While Weelahka and Melvin Stream †
Inspire in you the poet's dream,
And the old pleasures are renewed
Of Nature and of Solitude ;—
While Ben, ‡ with many a merry peal,
Makes glad the rude walls of CRAGSHIEL ;
While sunset flames upon the Lake,
And thrushes vesper music make ;
While Mary spreads the evening meal ;
While noon makes still the thickets round ;
While morning, gladdening every height,
Wakes all the wood with joyful sound ;
While upon Winnepesaukee's breast
The snowy, shadowy clouds do rest ;
Or daybreak bids its sheen inherit
Once more the *Smile of the Great Spirit*,
While up, when dreaming night is done,
With growing splendor, lifts the sun ;—
Ay, while your nights have dreams of bliss,
Or on day's golden cycles run ;
Think how your "brither-bard " must
miss

* Oliver W. Rogers, of Billerica, Mass.

† Names of water-courses in the Park.

‡ The Poet's little son.

The tramps, the noonings, and the fun,
Condemned to sulks and to complaining,
While in his own dull town remaining ;
Since absent cash and present care
Forbid his going anywhere
Beyond his circle,—that's the bound
Of his prescribed parochial round.

Yet thanks, for your fraternal call
To harbor at the Mountain-Hall,
And hold with you, in poet-fee,
Your famous Park of Ossipee.
You love, dear Ralph, the deep of woods,
The festooned manes of mountain floods,
The cliff and scar where the eagle perches,
The shy stream crooning 'neath the birches,
The hills whose tops salute the sky,
The nestled lakes,—*and so do I !*
I love each wild, each rural scene,
The orchard, and the village green,
The blossomy meadow path ; yet more
I love the low, resounding shore,
And the wide reaches of the Sea,
That bring such haunting dreams to me,
Of grandeur and immensity.
Fain to the Hall would I repair,
To breathe awhile your mountain air ;
Your crags and glens and streams to see,
And meet your goodly company.
I hear that Whittier delights
To climb with you those craggy heights,

While Lucy Larcom oft will choose
 This favorite region of the muse,—
 This beauteous scene of wild romance,
 With your congenial countenance
 And converse sweet.

But tho' not now
 These pleasures Fortune may allow,
 Your bounty were a lure to draw,
 But for Necessity's stern law,
 That bids me swing as does my door,
 That shuts and opens as before :
 But Thought expands o'er all Creation;---
 And such, dear Ralph, is *my Vacation* !
 Sometime may come the glad event,
 When what you planned, and what I meant,
 May without hind'rance be effected,
 And not a single claim neglected.
 So bear me not as one, in mind,
 Who slights an invitation kind ;
 Nor class me, bidden to a feast,
 With old-time truants in the East;
 Who, when the final summons came,
 And all was ready,—to their shame,
 And hospitality's abuse,—
 Began at once to make excuse :
 One had, indeed, a friendly mind,
 Yet was to oxen much inclined ;
 A wife, became another's prize ;
 Another sought his merchandize ;
 But each agreed in *this*—to sum

The matter up—he *could not come*.
So, serve me not as *they* were served,
Who from the line of friendships werved;
Count not my plea a pretext vain,
Which you would scorn to hear again ;
Nor, stern resolving, cast me o'er,
And bid the unworthy guest no more.

Now let me, at some favored time,
Know how your mountains look in rhyme ;
And how, after three days of rain,
(Meanwhile you ne'er a trout have ta'en,)
The little brooks get on a spree
Down the wild sides of Ossipee.
Tell me how Walton's gentle lore
Is prized on Melvin's sunset-shore ;
Tell me if Rogers, true and—*treed*,
(By one of brown or grizzly breed ?)
Stands by you, in your hour of need,—
Like that brave fellow in the fable,
Who found a tree-top comfortable
When Bruin ventured on the scene ;
(*I vum*, I think his conduct *mean* !)
The brother-traveller at his side
For his own safety must provide,
And show his wit—more ways than one ;
—Tell how the venison was done
That yesterday you had for dinner,—
And if you fatter grow, or thinner ;—
What books you read, what deeds you do,
What dreams, what fancies, you pursue ;

What mazy walks you wander through ;
What various phases and delights
Of sunny days and starry nights
Are yours, and what unusual sights ;—
What glens you thread, what cliffs you
climb,
What faerie webs you weave in rhyme ;—
Pray, make the schedule as complete
As time and wit may fashion it :
Then, when he gets *that* spicy letter,
FELIX will be your grateful debtor.

“WHO’S WHO?”

AS I PASSED thro' a wood I chanced to
see
An owl roosted upon a tree ;
To whom I said, in a tone quite clear,
" Which is the greatest book of the year ?"
And the Owl answered me : " Certainly,—
you,—
Who's Who--- Who's Who !"

"You are right," I cried, "and with you I agree; It's the biggest book in Ameri-kee:

For if there be
Someone like me,—
Some itchy scribbler and haunted elf,
Who doesn't know who he is, himself,—
If he'll trouble to look,—I do declare,—
In its priceless pages, he'll find out there.”
Then at once the Owl took up the strain,
And the dusky forest re-echoed again,
And the welkin rang, till all was blue,
With, “WHO'S WHO?—WHO'S WHO?”

A PROPER SPRING-SONG.

'TIS time to sing a song of Spring,
'Tis time to wake the vernal lyre ;
But don't forget, good wife, as yet,
 To stop the draught and feed the fire !
The Mayflower and the Violet-time
 Is come, at last—my song must say ;
But every verse is tagged with *rime*,
 While fields are russet, skies are gray.

Hail ! Maid ethereal ! Nymph divine !
 I prythee, give me cap and mitts !
And, if he go through slush or snow,
 Each wight his overcoat befits.
'Tis April, now,—or maybe, May,
 (It does'nt really matter which ;)
But I must sing a song of Spring,—
 So, let me get the proper pitch.

Hark ! to the singing of the birds !
 —“ Ye little birds, how can ye sing,”
While I my cap with muffler wrap,
 And to my overcoat yet cling ?
Glad tears are in my eyes—*they freeze*,
 Yet are they glad and happy tears :
They have been shed by poets dead
 For six or seven hundred years.

I cough,—the rheum is in my eyes ;
 Out of my head much ichor flows ;
My feet I'm shovin' into the oven,
 I next the stovepipe lean my nose :

My voice is harsh and husky still,
Though horehound slops I swig and
sling ;
—But 'tis my duty, and I will
Warble,— ‘How lovely is the Spring!’

I have not seen a speck of green,
As yet a frog has not been heard ;
Nor yet doth squirm the early worm
In presence of the early bird ;
Yet I'll not reck the giraffe neck
Of Winter, and its icy shoon,
That stretch away far into May,
Touching the very tip of June. .

Yet will I sing, and wake the string,
To hail the glories yet unseen,
And greet the flower, in forest bower,
Before that beauty there has been.
Hail ! frosty season, soft with dew !
(*Flora, forgive me, if I lie !*)
Chaucer and Spenser taught me to ;
And I will do it, though I die !

THE STONE WALL.

I LOVE to linger by thy shambling side,
Thou shag'd and crumbling trail of mossy
stone,

With the faint August afternoon alone ;
Or con thy lichens at sweet eventide,
As they were runes of patriarchal pride,
When brawn of sinewy-handed pioneers

Up-piled these rampart-rocks in elder years,
And tilled these fields and pastures spreading
wide.

In Spring here blooms the thorn; the apple drops
Yellowing in Autumn; gossip-swallows glide;
The leaves are whispering when the breezes
pass;

The barberry reddens; yonder the lamb crops
The scanty herbage. Peace and rest abide
Here, with the stones and shrubs, and the tall
grass.

EUGENE FIELD.

ONE, is the maker of innocent mirth!
Vanished, the smile that illumined the
earth!

Soul, that was brightest—the goldenest heart—
These must forever depart!

Weep for him, Comrades, who knew the de-
lights

Of song and of story, on festival nights;
Witty and wise, warm and brotherly, too,—
Never his equal ye knew!

Lull him, ye brook, as ye murmur along,—
Ye, his delight, and the theme of his song;
Up in the steeple, where lately ye flew,
Wail him, ye "*Croodlin Doo*!"

All ye small dwellers in "*Wink-a-way Land*,"
—"Pitty-pat," "*Tippytoe*,"—come, hand in
hand;

Come, "*Teeny-Weeny*," with glad, dancing
eyes,

Brighten the sod where he lies !

Love him, ye children, for well he loved you ;
Mourn him, ye maidens—the tender and true ;
Fathers and mothers ;—to age and degree
Reverent and gentle was he !

Sprinkle your light, happy stars, where he
grew !

He was a friend and a lover of you ;

Kiss his sweet grave, O ye lips of the dew !—

He sang of "Little Boy Blue!"

WINGS

A LEGEND OF THE BIRDS.

WHEN first the birds were made they had
no wings,
But with the reptiles grovelled on the
ground ;

Till, out of effort—so the poet sings --

By lifting burdens, wings at last were found.

Not sweetest voices could their hearts content,

Nor plumage where its hues the rainbow
flings ;

They wrought on Earth, and so to Heaven they
went,---

They lifted burdens, then God gave them
wings.

Thus did the Lark, ere he could rise, aspire ;

The Nightingale had longings, ere her wings ;

They fly the gloom to seek the morning's fire,

And she who toiled in tears in rapturesings:
Ah, grovelling Soul ! if thou would'st soar, then
see,
The willing warblers point the way for thee !

THE MUSES IN VILLE MARIE.

TO WILFRID CHATEAULAIR.*

DEAR CHATEAUCLAIR, it seems to me,
The Muses live in Ville Marie;
For there a rarely-gifted Three—
To name nae mair--
Know Love's supreme felicity,
And breathe its air.

Lives he not there, wha sang sae sweet
The woes of gentle *Marguerite* ?†
And *Merlin's* kindly Laureate ‡
Is surely there ;
With him, they all delight to greet
As *Chateauclair*.

There *Murray* sings ; and there sings he,
Whose herald bloom is *Fleurs-de-Lys* ; §
There quaint *M'Lennan* || daintily
Turns the auld lay ;

* Hon. William D. Lighthall, Montreal.

† George Martin, author of "Marguerite."

† John Reade, F. R. S., author of "The Prophecy of Merlin, and Other Poems."

§ Prof. John Murray, of McGill College, and Arthur Weir, author of "*Fleurs-de-Lys*," and other works.

|| William M'Lennan, folk-writer, romanticist, translator of old French Chansons,—“Songs of Old Canada.”

*Rob Wanlock, † and John Arbory, ***
Still with you stay.

When you a feast do make, my wish
Shall be for neither flesh nor fish ;
Bring blackbird pie, whence wings go—
whish !

While each throat sings:
Ah ! set such old-time, dainty dish
Before your kings !

Home's cheeriest *Light* illumine your *Hall*,
Now these November evenings fall ;
Dance the glad fire-gleam on the wall,
When down ye sit ;
While roun' the friendly Muses call,
To chat a bit.

Long live ye, 'neath Laurentian skies,
Securely good, serenely wise !
Lead to new lights and victories
Your Ville Marie :
Late, late, may monumentals rise
To thine, or thee !

My dream is oft of Ville Marie,—
The very name is dear to me ;
For there a rarely-gifted three—
To name nae mair—
Know Love's supreme felicity,
And breathe its air.

** Robert Reid and John M'Farlane, two Scottish-Canadian poets, residents of Montreal.

THE MAKING OF MAY.

WHAT is it makes the May?—The coming birds,
Brimful of mirth and gladness, as of yore,

With notes far sweeter than a poet's words ;
Earth's matin bards, with immemorial lore ;
The mounting sun which will the green restore,
And wake the dandelion ; the white thorn ;
The delicate arbutus, seen once more ;
The lengthening day, the swift-returning morn ;
The bleating of young lambs ; the lowing herds,
Going to pasture ; the old chime o' th' shore,
When, wave on wave, the freshening seas inroll ;
Bluest of skies ; soft clouds, as white as curds ?
—Nay !—The blithe heart, we thought would
 leap no more ;
The gladness and the brightness of the soul !

EVELEEN.


 DEAR is the dawn,
 With its single white star ;
 And green is the lawn
 Where the dreamy dews are ;
 And there her voice is heard,
 And her comely face is seen,—
 To break his rest,
 who loves her best,—
 My fair Eveleen !

Her cottage is near,
With its old mossy trees,

With its brook running clear,
And its drowsy-head bees ;
And there she lives, my Love,
She who loves me well, I ween ;
For her I pine,
To call her mine,—
My own Eveleen !

When I am on the sea,
My Love is my song ;
The deep's immensity
Shall not sever us long ;
For, in spite of wind and wave,
To my kingdom and my queen,
Without a stain,
I'll come again,
My own Eveleen !

Then waft, thou white sail,
My hope from afar !
Ye soft winds, prevail !
Shine, thou fortunate Star !
While I march o'er the blue wave,
Gold and pearls for thee to glean :
The lure to me
Thy smile shall be,
My fair Eveleen !

My darling, adieu !
I shall dread not the deep,
If tempests may brew,
Or the waves sink to sleep ;

For they cannot keep me back
 From thy cot and garden green,—
 Thy sheltering bower,—
 My peerless flower,
 My fond Eveleen !

ZOLA

IN HIS DEFENCE OF DREYFUS.

He comes with succor speedy
 To him who suffers wrong,
 To help the poor and needy,
 And bid the weak be strong.

WHATE'ER thy faults--and faults we
 deemed were thine—
 Thou scribe of human misery and des-
 pair !

To blame thee now no generous heart will care,
 Nor stoop of all thy books to blot a line.
 With courage and with constancy divine
 I see thee standing single to defend
 The name of thy dishonored, ruined friend,
 While Power and Passion'gainst his cause com-
 bine.

O strange reverse ! when a head half abhorred
 Takes sacred lustre ! Bitter was thy word ;
 But, oh, the sweetness of thy deed unpriced !
 While round thy form the wild mob pressed and
 roared,

And unjust judges near thee trembling stood,
Awe-struck, we saw the calm face of the
Christ !

TERRILL

A COLLEGIAN WHO WAS KILLED BY THE ACCIDENTAL DISCHARGE OF HIS GUN,
WHILE HUNTING IN THE
MAINE WOODS.

THE message came ere even-fall ;
And now the busy whisper goes
From room to room. . . Each bustling hall
An unaccustomed silence knows.

A truce to mirth and sportive glee :—
The campus vacant must remain ;
For underneath the forest tree
Our comrade, Terrill, lieth slain.

He, who of old found Man, is still,
Where'er we move, a presence nigh :
So busiest lives their measure fill,
And youth may find a time to die.

The fatal cast hath fall'n on *him* !—
Our lustiest heart, and loftiest brain :
What promise with his eyes grew dim,
What hopes with him lie early slain !

Yet thro' the forest leaps the deer,
Yet drums the partridge from the tree ;
But still'd, that voice of boundless cheer,
That gave the note of purest glee.

• Hark ! . . 'Tis his blood doth guiltless flow !
While Autumn's many-colored woods
Echo that sullen sound of woe
Through all their sun-bright solitudes.

154 *The Birds Of The Cross.*

There's blood upon the withered leaves,—
Large drops the wayside grasses stain ;
His dying moan the wind receives,
To breathe it in our ears again.

And who could hear thy feeble call,
When lying 'neath yon forest tree ?
He—*He*, who marks the sparrow's fall,
He only then regarded thee !

O, busy World ! O, quiet Grave !
O, Life ! O, Death ! how near ye lie !
We feast with Joy, at morning brave ;
We sup with Grief, 'neath evening's sky.

And which is best ? . . This world, so fair,
Our friends so dear ! . . to leave them all,
While promised life seems rich and rare,
Nor yet a shade begins to fall ! . .

God knoweth ! Let no mortal boast :
But *this* is truth we hold and prize,—
That Love and Faith cannot be lost,
Low in the grave, where Terrill lies.

THE WHIP-POOR-WILL

HEARD ON NOBLEBORO CAMP-GROUND.

INE is the solitary road ;
Glooms of evening deepen all around me :
Distant gleam the lights of the encamp-
ment :

The rain-portending zephyrs caress me,
Blown out of the shadowy East :

A long and dimming track ; a path in the even-
tide fading :

A Poet's Book - the singer of wonderful child-
songs,

Smiling out upon me from the Vale of Har :

A dream-world all around me ;—

The assembled ghostly Companions,

And Guests of Memory. . . .

. . . — *The voice of the Whip-poor-will !*

A path, that turns aside into the pine woods,—

A sanctuary of the night-breathing wind :

It comes with an infinite sweep, a satisfied sigh,

—The entry of a Soul into Eternity's repose.

Then comes a susurrus—a longer surge—

A sound as of far-off seas—

A billowy echo—voices of haunted shores. . .

Hark ! . . . What rises out of the wildwood ?

It is the wail of my heart,—

A mingled utterance of longing and regret, . .

. . . — *The song of the Whip-poor-will !*

Up thro' the brown floor of the pine woods

Have arisen the Spirits of the Place,—

The pale-green, delicate ferns,

The Sisterhood of this forest nunnery :

They tremble and wave,

Like living, sentient creatures,

And nod, conversing with one another.

I can almost hear their elfin voices ;

Their faces are pale in this dim, deep arbor

Where they are clustering :

They stand, like the choristers of a temple
When the anthem is about to begin ;
They fill me with awesome delight.
—Then out of the thicket deep comes a voice
 of lamentation,
A weeping note, repeated, and repeated, . . .
. . . —The song of the Whip-poor-will !

And I hear it again, and again,
As slowly I wander back to the encampment.
Then again, at midnight,
I start out of my sleep, as if some one near me
 had spoken,—
Forsaking my dream :—
Then through the open window comes the self-
 same sound,—
The plaintive call threshing, *whEEP-tu-whEEP!*
 . . . — *The voice of the Whip-poor-will !*

What meanest thou, O Bird ?
—O Bird, or haunting Spirit !
Pursuing my wandering feet,
Breaking my lonely slumber,
Here in the wilderness ?
Art thou a Voice prophetic ?
Grievest thou for the woe that must rend my
bosom ;
For the beloved and the beautiful that are reft
away ?
Ah ! no, sweet Bird !
It is for the solace of thy mate thou singest :
I will not accuse thee, and call thee prophet of
ill.

Still will I listen at evening to the song that
hath soothed me,
That hath filled me with tranquil delight ;—
The Bird of the Encampment,—the Voice of
the Pine wood,—
The song of the Whip-poor-will !

THE MURMUR OF THE PINES

FROM THE RUSSIAN OF BASHKIN.

I LIST to the low murmur of the Pines,
That by my window their dark watches
keep ;
In a sad monotone they whisper deep
And awful meanings that my heart divines :
Earth's saddest Land is ours ; for nowhere
shines
The sun on one so like a prison cell
As that grey realm of mist in which we
dwell,
Whence Happiness has fled, where Woe re-
clines.
Our hearts are orphaned, like the hearts of men
Who have no Father, and no Savior, more ;
We wait, but not in patience—in despair :
The sky is but a cold and darksome den,
Where life alone endures in suffering sore :
—So breathed the Pines their grief in emp-
ty air.

THE SPANISH ARMADA.

A. D. 1588.

He blew with his breath and they were scattered.
PSALM

HERE they go,
Where the foam is white as snow !
The Sea's soft lips kiss
The loftiest fleet of ships
That ever felt the lifting of the main :
They are bringing woe to thee,
England, Mistress of the Sea !
The wrath and defiance of Spain !
Iberia's majesties—the young, the strong, the
wise—

The flower of all the land, collected there ;
They bear the wealth and fame of the mighty
Spanish name,—

Let the British craven heretic beware !

So they say.—

Let the willing seas make way,
As she comes, the proud invader--the Invincible Armada---

Where the blue waves wallow and the soft winds
sigh ;

Charged with her thousand thunders, she will
dare the Sea that sunders,—

Prepare, my Mother England ! for the foeman
draweth nigh.

A hundred ships, and more, trample down the
Ocean frore,

Each stately form a floating citadel,

Where a nation armed, on board, with martial
fury stored,
Bring the terror and the bitterness of Hell.

With such store,
Have they left Corunna's shore :
Of that port made free,
They assume the breezy empire of the Sea.
But the stormy tempest lashed them,
And the booming billow crashed them,
And vexed exceedingly !
Now doth Neptune's bosom swell
With this Fleet Invincible,
Borne so proudly on by every eager wave ;
And the fear of her great name
Seems to justify her claim—
The might of the unconquerable brave.
With majestic ire,
Their port holes flashing fire,
Thro' myriad cannon thundering enorme ;
These Steeds of Ocean, prancing,
Are steadily advancing,—
Grim tempest-lords and masters of the storm !

He, whose will
This great navy must fulfil,
Like the tiger lieth hid,
And tells his beads, the Hermit of Madrid :
Ay, like dragon in his cave,
By the loud Boeotian wave,
Croucheth gloomy-featured Philip in his dark
Escorial ; *

* A set of buildings*, half palace, half monastery, erected by Philip near Madrid.

160 The Birds Of The Cross.

And his venom-hate he nurses,
While the heretic he curses ;
And he cries,—“ *Her doom is written !*
I will leave of that proud Britain but a red
memorial !”

Here they come !
Let that hive, called London, hum !
The tramp of armed men
Sounds in her streets, and rolling drums again
Awake the startled night,
With a tocsin of affright,
And the clamorous bells are tolling all the while.
The news has come, they say,
Brought by ship to Plymouth Bay,
That the Spanish Fleet is off Aurigny's Isle.
Now my England, tried and true,
Ah, say ! what wilt thou do ?
Thou chartered soil, what will become of thee?
Must thy unhappy sons, subdued by Spanish
guns,
No more be called, the Children of the Free ?

Turn away
From the dreadful seas, to pray ;—
Let every olden fane
Ring with the *Miserere* and the penitents' re-
frain.
Queen of the Narrow Seas,
Thou art upon thy knees !—
God of the Faithful, let thy strong right arm
be bare !

Ah, England, never fear thee !
The mighty God is near thee !
(After thy Drakes and Grenvilles why despair?)
He sitteth in His Heaven, by whom wild waves
are driven,
And thou art safe and mighty in thy prayer !
Yet, think, imperilled Land !
Of Mary's bloody hand ;
Of Latimer and Ridley's fiery pain !
Must England, void of honor,
Bring forth another Bonner,
And light the fires of Smithfield o'er again ?
Rise ! Sons of noble Sires !
Kindle your beacon fires,
And let the message of the Patriot fly !
From the cliffs of old Penzance to the Hebri-
des, advance,
With the watchword, ringing clear,
That all the Land may hear,—
Scots and Britons, now 'tis time to do or die!
Lo ! to-day,
The Men of State assemble, and they say :
“What shall be our reply
To the insults of yon Tyrant with his fleet who
draweth nigh?”
Now the high Elizabeth, she deeply draws her
breath,—
She hath grown pale with anger, not with fear:
“*Then let the haughty Don, if he will, come*
sailing on;
My Lords, we'll welcome him with proper
cheer !

162 *The Birds Of The Cross.*

On the wave and on the shore,
Hath not England fought before,
And brought the tyrant down upon his knees?
Let this Spanish foe be mute,
Ere with *us* he dares dispute
Our title to the Empire of the Seas !"

Each his share,—
Let the warlike now prepare ;
Fisher and farmer be
The guardian and defender of the Free !
Meanwhile, from dark to dawn,
The Ships come sailing on,
With sails wide-spread, and Lion-banner flying;
And on the cradle-deep, soft Panope asleep,
With all the Sisters of the Calm, is lying.
The Inquisition horde,
With their thumb-screws, wait on board,—
They are nearing now the hated Saxon strand:
But, my England, to reach thee,
They must cross the avenging sea,—
The Sea, that is in the hollow of God's hand !

Now, go forth,
Men of might, and men of worth !
Let not these "*dogs of Seville*,"
Who in British blood would revel,
Set foot on English earth !
Were there ever yet such sailors, and such fight-
 ers on the Sea,
As sailed that day from Plymouth to meet the
 enemy !

Bravo ! my good Lord Howard !
 The Narrow Seas he scoured ;
 He chased them through the Channel,
 As a hound might chase a spaniel,
 And he only fought to win ;
 And when English valor finished,
 Spanish pomp and pride were 'minished,
 And David's God, and Daniel's, *He* was ready
 ready to begin !

Who is HE,
 Who met them on the Sea ?
 The same—*the same*,
 Who overthrew proud Mizraim,* and Assyria
 put to shame !
 Let the Poet now declare
 How HE met and smote them there,
 With the cannon-thunders of the hurricane ;
 How the roaring Ocean-rips
 Strewed the coast with Spanish ships,
 Till Philip's hope forever was in vain :
 As if God, himself, aloud
 Had cried from out the cloud,—
*Never shall Freedom's bulwark here be
 shattered !*
 While the Faithful fought in prayer,
 Till the Lord's right arm was bare,
 And from the Seas His enemies were scattered !

* Egypt.

IN NORTHUMBERLAND STRAIT.

O wavy water laughs, to-day,
 About our prow ; no sunny view
 Of lily-sail, bent far away,——
 A blossom on the blue.

An icy fleet, moored all around,
 Throngs the dark Sea : the anxious eye
 Looks to the water's wintry bound,
 And to the wintry sky.

But, like a thing of power and will,—
 A creature resolute and strong,—
 Our iron-mailed steamer still
 Urges her way along.

The icy shelves are crushed aside ;—
 In vain their forces, clustering close ;
 While onward thro' the inky tide
 Indomitably she goes !

Fit emblem of a steadfast Soul,
 That, while Earth's hindering legions
 strive,
 Forces a pathway to his goal,
 And will at last arrive.

Safe in the Haven's sheltering arms,
 Escaped, thro' peril and thro' strife,
 He anchors, safe from all alarms,
 And gains the port of Life.

DANDELIONS.

It dandelions only grew in greenhouses we should think them the prettiest flowers imaginable.

—MRS CRAIK.

NEVER, dear Flower, thou'lt suffer slight
from me !
Thy commonness but makes thee doubly
dear :

That face we love we often wish to see,
That voice we love we often wish to hear.
Thy bright rosettes, 'mid grasses smiling near,
Are golden sesames to ope, once more,
The long-closed portals of fond memory,
That lead to home and childhood's lovely lore.

Lov'd Flower, that grew beside my Father's
door !

Still may I find thee where my feet are set ;
And may the lowly children of the poor
Still twine with thee the purple violet.
God surely loves thee, who hath multiplied
Thy humble flowers more than all the blooms
of pride.

THE MIDNIGHT VIGIL

A BALLAD OF HOME.

I'M THINKING of my mother—
Just now, it seemed, she smiled :
Again I'm speaking with her,
And I feel I'm still her child.
The hour is late ; I am lonely,
For the midnight hour is near ;
With my book and pen, I'm musing,
And sitting silent here :

Deep sounds the falling river,
And the stars fill the calm sky ;
And I feel her sacred breathing,
And I know my Mother's nigh.

I'm thinking of my mother—
I seem to hear her voice, /
As oft I've heard her singing
Some air of ancient choice,—
Some hymn of martyr glory,
Whose triumph rises clear ;—
So I know her lot still blessed,
And I feel that she is near ;—
For a mother's love fails never
From the child that once she bore ;
And to a true son his *Mother*
Is his Mother evermore.

I'm thinking of my Mother—
Oh, there are hours when
I'm worn with struggling, toiling,
In this world of busy men !
Then her form walks in the distance,
And her memory shines afar,
As upon the brow of Evening
Tranquil rests the Vesper Star :
What has she with dust and conflict—
She, whose home is in the sky ?
But to-night my heart is quiet,
And I know that she is nigh.

I'm thinking of my Mother—
How oft she looked on me,
While I hung upon her bosom
In the dream of infancy !
Then her eyes were anxious, tender,
Filled with sympathy and ruth,
As she oft would gaze upon me
In the waywardness of youth :
Ah ! perchance she sees more clearly
All my faults and follies now ;
But I look upon her, seeing
Never frown upon her brow.

I'm dreaming of you, my Mother—
And, oh ! 'tis a thought of woe,
That e'er, in your fond confiding,
Your spirit a pang could know :
And my heart cries to you,—Forgive
me,
If ever *I* caused you pain,—
If e'er, when you trusted and loved me,
I gave you not love again !
It was ever my fault to be heedless,
To wander, and dream, and forget ;
And the gentle word and the kindly
deed
Are undone and unspoken yet.

I'm thinking of my mother—
I, who mingled with the throng,
Seeking fame, or seeking pleasure,
Lured by many a siren-song !

Ah ! what victories, what prizes,
Have these eager hands possessed ?
... Mother ! I come home, at evening,
In thy heart, thine arms, to rest !
Teach me the sweet lore of childhood !
As when your babe's sinless brow
Drew your mother-eyes so fondly,
So you're looking on me now.

I'm thinking of my Mother—
On the hill two graves were made ;
In the earlier sleeps my Father,
Mother by his side was laid :
There's a cot upon the hillside---
Never rising smoke is seen,
Never face looks forth at morning,
Never lighted lamp at e'en ;—
From that home no more she cometh,
As she came in bygone year ;
But the House of Many Mansions
Opens—and I feel her near !

I'm thinking of my Mother—
As yon river-wave doth roll,
Freshening thro' its own green valley,
So her memory through my Soul !
When my heart is hot within me,
When my spirit droopeth low,
Then from out the clime of Childhood
Fancy's stream will softly flow ;

Olden friends will gather round me,
Long-lost scenes rise to my sight ;
Then I feel my mother near me,
As I've felt her here to-night.

Pemaquid Falls, Maine, Aug. 1904

MOUNTAIN AND POET

FROM THE FRENCH OF GAUTIER.

“**T**HOU idle Mountain !” cried the chiding Plain,
“Nor fruit nor flower grow on thy wind-swept brow !”

“Thou Poet !” cried the Crowd, “What use hast thou ?”

Who saw him as he tuned his lyre again.

Then spake the wrathful Mountain : “I constrain

The harvests on thy teeming fields to grow ;
From tip of my white breast I bid to flow
The silver-threading streams ; I feed thy grain ;
I temper thy noon sun ; I hold the cloud ;
Knead the pale avalanche ; the thunders roll ;
Dissolve the crystal glacier.” Then outspake
The large-browed Poet, answering the Crowd :
“Spare me my lyre, since from its smitten wires
Tears trickle, and break forth enlivening fires ;
And chide me not, since from my wounded Soul
Gushes a stream the thirst of man to slake.

AN AUTUMNAL LETTER

ADDRESSED TO CERTAIN FRIENDS, WITH THE
REQUEST THAT IT BE READ IN THEIR
CONVIVIAL ASSEMBLIES.

WHEN Autumn winds begin to blow,
And waning woods make splendid show,
In all their painted pride ;
And the blue Aster 'gins to nod,
And sunny plumes of Goldenrod
Gild every green wayside ;
When flies the Thistle's downy seed,
And silken butterflies
O'er brightest flowers with white wings
speed,
My heart within me sighs,
As places and faces
Come back, I knew of yore—
The fond hearts, the kind hearts—
The days that are no more.

O good, the ruddy fruit to see
Hang ripe on every scented tree,—
The harvest gold mature !
They tell us God's almighty hand
Hath made, thro'out the teeming land,
The bread of man secure.
But, ah ! the birds of song are dumb,
Tho' calm the sunshine lies ;
And to the eye a tear will come
When wide the red leaf flies.
Forever we sever

Some sacred, tender tie—
Still fretting, regretting,
The dreamy days go by.

What things these days will bring to mind,
Of temperate suns, of airs refined,
And skies divinely clear !
The heart its sacred treasure sums,
When, lo ! " Congenial Autumn comes,
The Sabbath of the Year ! " *
But when loved forms and faces part,
And dearest ones are gone,
A holy hush falls round the heart,
Where we are left alone.
Ah, sweeter, and better,
The scenes where we abide—
True-hearted, departed—
That they were by our side !

O, pensive pleasure, sweet to all
Who lonely muse at evenfall,
When fires of sunset burn,
And to its tent of twilight blue
We see that marvel, ever new,
The Vesper Star, return, —
To wake some Spirit-haunting strain,
Like waves of Ocean vast,
And summon Friendship's hallow'd train
From out the holy Past ;—
O pleasure, and treasure !
O gift beyond compare !

* John Logan.

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In dreaming, in seeming,
To meet our dear ones there !

Ye beauteous fields I loved of yore,
When lingering on Acadia's shore,
Ye friends that there I knew,
I greet you with a song of cheer,
And drop for Memory's sake a tear,
Or waft a wish for you.
Kind hearts ! for you Love's cup I fill,
And bid her wine to flow ;
In Memory's leash I hold you still,
And will not let you go !
With meeting and greeting,
Some pass a careless day ;
Faint hearted, soon parted,—
A Friend's a Friend for aye.

O. blest are they who still endure,
Who keep their friendships bright and
pure,
Their loves without alloy !
In vain the wheel of Time may roll,
While Soul delights in kindred Soul,
Earth knows no deeper joy :
For us the noblest hearts have beat ;
Ours are the Men Divine ;
Poet and Sage—the wise, the great—
Are they not yours and mine ?
No fear, then ; we'll share then,
What treasure Love may hold—
The sweetest, completest—
The honey and the gold.

And Nature, too, is ours ! The Bard,
 Who looked on all with fond regard,
 To us doth sweetly call :
 Behold her charms ! Her "*hills and
 wood*,"
 Her "*sweeping vales and foaming
 floods*,
 Are free alike to all.
 In days when daisies deck the ground,
 And blackbirds whistle clear,
 With honest joy our hearts will bound
 To see the coming year !
 On braes when we please, then,
 We'll sit and sowth a tune ;
 Synerhyme till't we'll time til't,
 And sing't when we hae done."†

Ours be the sound of Sabbath bells,
 When high the boundless rapture swells
 On every wind that blows ;
 And ours the "high-built organs," played
 When clear the choir sings, "GOD US
 AYDE,"‡
 Where He his power bestows ;
 Ours be the altar and the shade,
 Where Souls adoring come ;
 And ours—where warm our hearts are
 laid—
 The sacred joys of Home:
 Forever, and ever,
 Here let our love abide !

† Burns. Epistle to Davie.

‡ Wordsworth. The White Doe of Rylstone.

Great Giver ! ah, never
Our hearts from these divide !
Then let us, friends, our hearts content
With whatsoe'er is excellent,
Above, below, the skies ;
Be ours what treasure may endure—
The good, the lovely, and the pure—
The “everlasting prize.”
Let us the higher Call obey,
And woo the gracious Powers;
So, when Earth's shadows pass away,
Life's substance may be ours.
My greeting, repeating,
To you these rhymes I send ;
Delaying, while praying
You blessing without end.

WHITTIER.

O Man belov'd ! thou hast been missed and mourn'd,
Since to thy God thy gentle Soul returned.

WHEN to shed blood and desecrate Man-
kind
The feet of men are swift, and unre-
strained
Their hands ; when Earth is darken'd and pro-
faned
By Superstition and the sordid mind ;
When eyes are lustful-lit, to Beauty blind,
And Souls with envy burn, instead of love ;
When Hate has passionate hunger ; when the
Dove

Is torn by th' Vulture, shrieking down the wind;
---When scenes and thoughts like these my
heart would grieve,
Then turn I back to thee, thou gracious one !
And thy lov'd page, and thou, again do weave
Comfort's torn web, and re-knit hopes undone:
The world reblooms, while Heaven smiles on
us still,
Walking with thee the groves of Haverhill.

THE PLEA.

OVE, when I hear thy soft voice swell
With the rich notes I love so well,
One song doth sweetest seem to be,---
It is—"Remember me."

'Tis then I fondly lean to trace
The pathos of thine eager face,—
The tenderness that dwells in thee,
And in, "*Remember me.*"

The sweet appeal mounts to its close,
And to my inmost Spirit goes ;
Love, hovering in thy minstrelsy,
Crieth, "REMEMBER ME !"

Let not the world's forgetfulness
Thy mind o'ershade, thy heart oppress:
What is my world ?---It lies in thee !
Ah, Love, remember me !

Within, around, if all be changed,
With earlier loves lost, or estranged,

Oh, then, by all they seemed to be,
Do *thou* remember me !

Should I in aught unworthy prove,
Or sin against thy truth and love,
Let me not yet be lost to thee,—
But still remember me.

If, in the hour of hope or dream,
Some godlike touch did on me seem,
By all I was, or aimed to be,
My Love, remember me !

By all fair scenes beneath the sun,
By all loved forms we looked upon,
By our hearts' solemn ecstasy,
My Love, remember me !

Before thee should it me befall
To reach the bourn that waits for all,
As one who still has love for thee,
O Love, remember me !

Was there some blemish that thy love
Wept to behold, and would remove ;
Forget what thou no more canst see,
And O, remember me !

I would not be a shade, to blind,
A discord, to perplex thy mind ;
As some sweet psalm, whose chords agree,
May'st thou remember me.

But if before me thou shalt go
To that dim shore th' Immortals know,
There thou, till glad thy face I see,
Dear Love, remember me !

FELLOWSHIP.

WHO knows contempt and the despite of
man ;---
Ay, who hath pride, to hide the wound
of love ;
And who hath borne him calmly as he can,
Who feels a bound and struggling passion move ;
Who from a slight bath quickly turned away,
(As one who plucks a rose, to find a snake
Curl'd round his finger ; yet will scorn to slay,
So shakes it from him, tho' the anguish take
His panting breath ;—or, who hath been preferred,
To be rejected,—rues a doting friend ;
Who finds his fault appraised, his merits slurr'd ;
Who, not unworthy, knows himself unkennd ;
Who is a mark Scorn shoots at ;—lo ! I stand
Beside him, share his lot, and hold his hand !

CORN OF THE MOUNTAIN

There shall be an handful of corn in the earth upon the
top of the mountains ; the fruit thereof shall shake like
Lebanon.

PSALM 72:16.



LIVING Corn of the Mountain ! The
hymn that the Psalmist sung
Has told in its deathless music, as of heav-
enly bells outrung,

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How the bread of the hungry nations from the
Heights of Love hath sprung.

O Living Corn of the Mountain ! God's multi-
plying Bread,
Sent down from the heights of sunshine whence
the streams of Life are led,
Your grains are the hidden jewels wherewith
our Souls are fed !

O Living Corn of the Mountain ! O Life of Hu-
manity !
There are many with eyes uplifted, as longing
Thy gift to see ;
There are many souls anhungered that sit and
wait for Thee !

O Living Corn of the Mountain ! And canst
thou prosper so,
Where the splintery peaks pierce heaven, and
the icy streamlets flow,
While the glistening palms of Abana, and the
cedars wave below !

O Living Corn of the Mountain ! The gift it is
downward borne
From the rainbowed home of the glacier, where
the sun makes glad the morn ;
The hand of the Master scatters the largess of
golden Corn.

O Living Corn of the Mountain ! The river and
plain below,
Without the God of the Mountain, cannot make
the Corn to grow ;—
Though Man may plant or may water, He the
increase must bestow.

O Living Corn of the Mountain ! In vain is
Man's help, He said ;
But, where He blesseth and giveth, the ice and
the rocks have bread,
And the flinty sands of the desert breed lilies
and roses red.

O Living Corn of the Mountain ! God give and
scatter Thee !
Thou art the hidden fulness and sweetness of
Deity,
And Thou art the excellent Guerdon, as air and
as sunshine free !

O Living Corn of the Mountain ! God speaks,
and the deed is done ;
The fiat of Creation is a Word that doth swift-
ly run ;
And the harvest of Christ's great Passion is wa-
ving like Lebanon.

O Living Corn of the Mountain ! Spring thou
but prosperously !
The fruitless tares shall wither, 'mid the har-
vest waving high ;
The living Corn shall ripen, while cockle and
darnel die.

O Living Corn of the Mountain ! O Food of the
World, wide-spread !
Let faint hearts feed upon Thee, and let *my*
Soul be fed ;
And let the perishing People draw nigh to the
Living Bread !

O Living Corn of the Mountain ! Sow it, and
sow it abroad,

Wherever the feet of Famine and Misery have
trod ;
In the faces of Sin and Sorrow, reap the har-
vest-field of God !

PALESTINA.

YE HILLS of God, by Angels trod !
Ye beauteous skies o'erspread !
I hail your rocks, your flowery sod,
Whereon the homeless Son of God
Rested his weary head !

Land of the Lamp, the Seraph Choir,
The Prophet and the Sage ;
The Land where David swept his lyre ;—
Of Him who sent the Holy Fire—
The Joy of every Age.

Ye groves of palm, ye cedar trees,
Ye olives, cool and dim,
He knew your charms and mysteries !
Ye give, to some, your balm and ease ;
Ye gave the Cross to Him.

Ye skies, that hold the starry spell
Of Bethlehem's natal morn !
The horror of great darkness fell,
When that meek Son of Israel
Suffered the death of scorn.

Ye Streams, from your wild founts that
burst,
Where lone the wild deer sips !
His own are ye ; yet, at the worst,

Ye could not slake the bitter thirst
That parched his dying lips.

O Holy Land ! I look on thee
With tearful eyes and dim !
For rest, or for security,
Canst thou be fair and good to me,
That dealt so ill with Him ?

TO MADAM DREYFUS

 WOMAN, of the deathless love ! to thee
Our eyes admiring turn ; rejoiced to find
That thou art of the brave and constant
kind,

Exalting faith, even to sublimity !
Thy gentle Soul grows firm, that thou may'st
be

The prop on which thy stricken mate may lean,
Condemned to huddle with the vile and mean,
In that low Island of the tropic sea.

Pilgrim, who followest a knightly quest,
Knocking at gates of kings with tearful plea,
For thy wronged consort, let thy suit prevail:
Nor be the harsh and sordid world unblest
By such divine example,— seeing *thee*,
With Truth and Justice, for thy Holy Grail.

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HYMN

SUNG AT THE DEDICATION OF MOODY MEMORIAL CHAPEL, AT GOOD-WILL FARM,
JUNE 16, 1897.

AIR.—O for the peace that floweth like a river!

AS MOSES, on the Holy Mount appearing,
Received the pattern of Thine ancient
shrine,—

Thy word, O Lord with awful rapture hearing,
—So now we wait that perfect will of Thine.

Here now inspire us from Thy sacred Mountain,
To which we look, as if Thy face to see ;
And consecrate, out of Thy heart's deep fountain,

These walls we raise—a temple unto Thee.

O Thou, who sav'st the helpless and the lowly,
The outcast Souls who gath'rest to Thy fold,
Gather them here, Thou gracious One, and holy!
And let their tearful eyes Thy love behold.

Here come to youthful Souls with Thy salvation ;

Here let the voice of prayer and praise arise ;
Here shape the stones for Thy sublime foundation—

That Temple Thou art rearing in the skies.

How frail our work, however wrought and
gilded !

Transient our lives, where all is insecure :
Lord ! in the House Thy glorious Hand hath
builted

May we behold the things that shall endure!

SACER JESU, CARE CHRISTE.

SACRED JESU! Christ, who carest !
Who this world's great burden bearest,
We are lost, if Thou despair'st
At our sin's deep dye !

Love unmeasured, Love untiring,
Cursed by Souls of Thy desiring,
On the Cross for Man expiring,—
Savior, hear our cry !

With Thy wan brow's saddest seeming,
With Thy precious blood down-streaming,—
Hallowed flood for our redeeming !—
We behold Thee nigh !

By Thy thorns, Thy nails deep-driven,
By that cry that pierces Heaven,
By rent veil, and tomb wide riven,
Savior, hear our cry !

Bitter cup, and bloody passion—
Utmost Love's sublime expression—
Let them be for our salvation,—
Do not pass us by !

By the might that did retrieve Thee,
By the Heaven that did receive Thee,
By the crowns the ransomed weave Thee,
Savior, hear our cry !

Sacred Jesu ! Love, ascended !
Scorn and Cross and Conflict ended ;
High enthroned, and angel-tended,—
Monarch of the Sky !
Who, when Thou art interceding,

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Can resist Thy lips' sweet pleading,—
Advocate, whose wounds are bleeding!—
Savior, hear our cry !

Sacred Jesus ! Christ, who carest !
Still our mortal way Thou farest,
Still with us the Cross Thou bearest,
That on us must lie :
Drive our darkness, heal our pining,
Lucent Star of Morning, shining !
Glorious Sun, no more declining !
Savior, hear our cry !

HARMONY HALL OR THE SEX'S ENTERPRISE.

READ AT THE DEDICATION OF THE OLD UNI-
VERSALIST CHURCH, AT HAMPDEN
HIGHLANDS, WHEN IT HAD
BEEN REVAMPED AND
RECHRISTENED.

JUST above the Penobscot's circuitous tide
Is a famous old Town, where some Ladies
reside :

The same have been busy, and issue their call
To enter and dedicate Harmony Hall.

This place was called Hampden, so I have been
told,

For a warrior doughty and patriot bold,
Who, when haughty King Charlie stepped over
the line,

Erected his back-bone, (more properly, *spine.*)

Soon was headless, this tyrant, so faithless and sleek ;

Yet not so, the Ladies, of whom we here speak ;
For in all sorts of ways, and in all sorts of weather,

One scarcely could move but they all moved together.

In this Town stood a Church,—it is standing here still,—

A landmark, soon spied on the brow of the hill ;
But with it Old Time had such liberty taken
That by God and by Man it seemed almost forsaken.

It was built by that sect—so the wisacres tell—
Who would fain have abolished the Devil and Hell ;

But the Methodists prayed so, and sang so, and shouted,

That they all were dumfounded and thoroughly routed.

To silence and dust were left pulpit and pew ;
The old walls grew dingy, the spire went askew ;
The weeds grew around it unhindered galore,
And bushes grew up thro' the steps by the door.

The broken-back ridge-pole was seen to be sagging ;

The pews were old-timers, the carpet was ragging ;

The windows were broken, waxed dusty, the panes,

And the plaster showed traces of down-leaking rains.

The fast-rotting belfry was threatening to fall;
Grown silent, the bell never issued its call :
Then uprose the Fathers : " This thing must
 come down,
Nor longer disgrace and disfigure the town.

And sometimes the Methodist Preacher looked
glum,
When folk from abroad were beginning to come,
And, getting astray in their dubious search,
Mistook *that* old thing for the Methodist
Church !

Then the Ladies in Council began to convene :
Now a different order of things may be seen ;
For "*Village Improvement*," impregnates
the air,
And they will not demolish, but build and re-
pair.

Where a will has been found there is surely a
way ;
And if something be doing, and doing to-day,
It is certain that something will shortly be done :
Then up ! In a jiffy the work is begun !

To straighten the crooked and make the dull
shine,
Now joiners and painters and masons combine;
They cut down expenses, to make the thing go,
---The men will work *cheaply* for women, you
know !

Now, look all around you---the thing is done
brown!

It is taking the glow from all spots of the town!
Who would think that *the women*—going in,
hit or miss,—
Would ever turn out a *spick-span thing*, like
this !

Now they've garnished the walls, and hung pictures thereon ;

Now they've straightened the belfry and cleared up the lawn :

" *Yewun't deww it !*" the moss-backs are muttering still ;

But "*they DONE IT !*" just while they were saying, "*WE WILL !*"

For the women are *prophets*,—and so it is true,
They should all share the *profits*, now this is put through :

They had *faith*, to begin with, and *works*, at the close ;

And they smiled at all gainsaying,—*under the rose !*

A day was appointed—that time of the year
When started Miss Anthony's mortal career :
They made their arrangements, and issued their call

To enter and dedicate HARMONY HALL.

To tell the plain truth should not be an affront:
Some things women *will do*, and some things they *won't !*

The "grab-bag," the "shake-down," the bottle and ball

Shall never edge in to *this* HARMONY HALL.

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No hot party-spouter shall stand on this floor,
No dealer in dogma come in thro' this door,
No railer at creeds or religion be heard
From this handsome platform to utter a word.

But brothers and sisters who work for reform
Shall find the house lighted, and feel the seats
 warm ;
Shall singer and lecturer hither repair,
And these walls shall reecho the sermon and
 prayer.

So here we all are, and the feast is begun :
Walk in—you are welcome, each daughter and
 son !
Our joy should be great, and our courage not
 small
For this is the birthday of HARMONY HALL.

So here's to the Ladies in Hampden who dwell,
Whose deeds these rough verses endeavor to
 tell !
Long may their brothers respond to their call,
And long may they flourish in HARMONY HALL!

CELESTIAL CAPERS

WROTE FOR YE DELECTATION OF MYNE
 INFANTE.

THAT old cantankerous warrior, Mars,
Harried the planets, and raided the stars;
And all because he meddled with Venus,
And said, "Let us have a kiss between us,"
And she thought, "We might—if no one *seen*
 us."

She felt such secrecy became her,
And didn't suspect she was off her grammar.
But Sol got up and tried to stop her,
Declaring such deeds to be very improper ;
While Mars raved round, as mad as a hopper.

He was'nt able for monstrous Jupiter,
For all his sizzling and frying ;
But as for Earth, he made a scoop at her,
And sent the old beldame flying ;—
Who stepped on the youngest of her daughters,
While she wept away the last of her waters,
And cracked her head into four quarters.
“Oh! let us get out of the road!” cried Uranus,
“Or else this murderous demon will brain us !
For there couldn't be much more dust in the air
If the Bull were loose, or the bigger Bear !”
As that good matron, old Mother Saturn,
Was feeding her fine little moons,
He at them came flying, and set them all crying,
And dirtied their new pantaloons.
This matter is foul, that here I am stating,
And it surely was most exasperating!

This Mars was in for a nasty job :

It was very rough of him,—

Had there been enough of him,
You might have called him *a bloomin' mob* ;
And then, before you could get him to cease,
You might have to call in the Celestial Police.
But, for one person, (if you *don't* think so, try
it !)

He was able to kick up a deuce of a riot.
He took the Fish by his golden flipper;
He broke the handle off the Dipper ;
He snatched the Great Dog's best bone from it,
And made it so sick that it had to vomit ;
Then he pulled the tail clean out of a Comet;
He broke the strings of the magic Lyre,
And set the straw in the Wain on fire;
He splashed about in the Milky Way,
And acted like one quite " over the bay,"—
That manner, irregular and flighty,
The frequent result of *Aqua Vitae*;
—He was run quite mad with his fumes and vapors,

And was cutting up all these nasty capers,
When suddenly up came his wise old father,
And held him, with sundry jerks and pitches,
By the hair of his head and the slack of his breeches;---

Saying that he would a little rather
That all such mettlesome young sky-scrapers
Would quit a cutting their nasty capers.
With that he took him across his knee,
And laid on the *ding-bats*—*O n e*—*T W O*—
THREE !!

Do you, too, Sonny, kick up stars,
And behave ridiculously,
Till your Papa serves you as Sol did Mars,
And takes you over his knee ?

GUIDAMAC

THE LITTLE MANCHURIAN PONY OWNED
AND USED BY MY SON, WHILE A DEN-
TAL PRACTITIONER AT HANKOW,
CHINA.

WELL, Dr. James, what is't ye lack ?
I need a horse—I'll have Guidamac,
—Just GUIDAMAC !

A dainty pony—no shambling hack ;
A steed of merit, is Guidamac.

A beauty, hey ?—Your white or black
Can hold no candle to Guidamac !

He won a purse on the fancy track ;—
But *that* day's over, with Guidamac.

My own good *maffeo*,* be not slack
To bring from his stable, Guidamac.

Bridle, saddle, and haversack—
Here in a jiffy is Guidamac !

I made him slick as a bran new plaque:
Here, Master mine, is your Guidamac !

Steady ! the while I mount his back ;
Then off at a canter, goes Guidamac.

Look, you ! . . John Chinaman !—Good lack !
You must clear the *bund* † for Guidamac !

That *Sikh* ‡ looks as if he might hit me a
whack :

Stay ! Don't you touch my Guidamac !

* [MAFFO]—A Chinese hostler.

† The principal thoroughfare of an Oriental city, which fronts the harbor with its shipping. This always abounds in coolie laborers.

‡ [SEEK]—East Indian policemen, employed in Chinese treaty ports.

See those *cangued* § fellows, with pigtails
black;

Why, they're hitched with halters, Guidamac!

Faugh! This is a coolie's straw-built shack!
We must hold our noses, Guidamac!

The pools are green, and the filth is black,—
See the pigs with the children, Guidamac !

Here men grow brutes ! See that monstrous
pack
On a woman's shoulders, Guidamac !

Life, fall'n *so low*!--What gibberish-clack!
Here horses are gentlemen, Guidamac!

Three times three, round the grand race-track ;
Then home at a gallop, goes Guidamac.

What ails the beast! — Won't he stop? —
Alack!

You've run down a coolie, Guidamac!

On, by the Yang-tze's yellow track,
Past hut and pagoda, goes Guidamac.

Ugh! ugh!—Why, my very bones you rack! Stiff?—sore?—O you dratted Guidamac!

Here, my good *maffeo*, I'm used up !—Back,
For a month, to his stable with Guidamac !

§ Chinese petty criminals, condemned to wear a wooden collar, called a cangue.

DOCTOR ROBIN

I went a-strolling this evening, across a stretch of wild pasture land leading down the Whiting river, having for my companion a quaint old minister of a like fanciful turn with myself, united with a playful humor. A Jack Robin sang his ev'ning song in the Summer twilight, hopping about on a grassy hillock, and we paused to look at him. "What is that fellow saying?" inquired my companion. "Whatever you can imagine," I responded. "Nay, but listen," my companion persisted, and tell me if he does not say—"KEEL 'IM-CURE 'IM, GEEVE 'IM-PHYSIC?" I was bound to admit, after having heard him again that Jack had uttered a cheerful satire—or what seemed like it—upon a certain unlicensed school of doctors and their patients —JOURNAL OF PASTOR FELIX.

FOORTH, one evening, bent on ranging,
When Winter into Spring was changing,
I went,—with blues still deeper blueing,
And all the ghosts of night pursuing;
Thro' April clouds the sun was breaking,—
But, Oh, my head—my head was aching!
My feet were cold, my ears were ringing;—
When DOCTOR ROBIN set up singing:

“O che-e-r-up, cheer!

See here! See here!

What is the matter—what is the matter,

That you are so glum, and not any fatter?

What is it—what is it?

Is it phthisic? Is it phthisic?

Keel 'im---cure-'im---geeve-'im-phy-sicke!"

“DOCTOR!” I cried, “In an abysm

I'm plunged—of——gout and rheumatism!

I've meningitis and paresis,

And half a score of dread diseases;

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Dyspepsia, and consumption, too,
My hesitating steps pursue ;
Slow fever to my blood is clinging ;—”
But DOCTOR ROBIN kept on singing :

“ O che-e-er-up, cheer !

See here ! See here !

What is the matter—what is the matter,
That you are so glum, and not any fatter?

What is it---what is it ?

Is it phthisic ? Is it phthisic ?

Keel-'im---cure-'im--geeve-'im-phy-sicke !”

“No, sir ! however you may watch me,
So napping you shall never catch me !
Throw physic to the dogs and fishes,”
I said, with many *pshaws* ! and *pishes* !
“ Besides, (himself each mortal pleases,)
I like my own few pet diseases ;
Worse am I, alway, by my notion,
For every pesky pill or potion
The doctor or the nurse are bringing ; —”
While DOCTOR ROBIN still kept singing :

“ O che-e-r-up-cheer !

See here ! See here !

What is the matter—what is the matter,
That you are so glum, and not any fatter ?

What is it---what is it ?

Is it phthisic ? Is it phthisic ?

Keel-'im---cure-'im,---geeve-'im-phy-sicke !”

"Well," said I, yielding, "cease your jibing,
And presently begin prescribing."

"I will," said DOCTOR BOB, benignly :
"Abstain from *swats* that drink *divinely*;
Take three bread pills, upon retiring ;
Use one old saw until perspiring ;
Your sulky spleen remember never,
And do not overload your liver ;
When in the morning round you potter,
Drink one good quart of clear cold water ;
Take exercise, up to the letter,
And in a fortnight you'll be better.
Good day, sad Sir,---my way I'm winging ;
But first I'll take my pay in singing :

" O che-e-er-up, cheer !

See here ! See here !

What is the matter---what is the matter,
That you are so glum, and not any fatter ?

What is it ? What is it ?

Is it phthisic ? Is it phthisic ?

Keel-'im---cure-'im,---geeve-'im-phy-sicke !"

CANT.

GRIES Johnson,—" Clear your mind of
cant ;"

—A caution most significant
Of that philosopher, indeed ;
And one to which the wisest may take heed.
But 'tis a task that must require
Such vigilance as will not tire ;

For, though your mental house may be
Oft swept and garnished, and made free,
The banished dust you cannot burn,
The sevenfold legion may return,
And demons riot, and fierce passions burn.

When man shall with the snake begin
To slough away his annual skin ;
When mortal eyes, pure as the blue
Unclouded heaven, see all things true ;
When Bias, Prejudice, and gray-
Beard Bigotry are done away ;
When Dogma holds no longer sway ;
When Neurotis shall cease to rant ;
Then may we wholly clear our mind of cant.

Even Johnson's ponderous intellect
Cant could occasionally infect,
When, of his circle chief, the Cham
Portentous frowned, where he would damn ;
And all the good, and all the great,
Must find their portion, soon or late.
Look down the Pantheon's statued aisle :
Darkens the gnomon of Carlyle ;
Lightens Voltaire's most withering smile ;
Majestic Goethe stands aloof,
In love with silence ; Swift, forsooth,
Disinterested zeal professes ;
And Burns Hypocrisy undresses ;
Ibsen uplifts the arm of Thor,
To smite and ban what priestcraft bless-
ses ;——

Cant and pretence they all abhor ;
 But, while they thunder against Cant,
 Their own peculiar kind they vaunt ;
 And where's the image-breaker, say,
 Will from his fetich wholly break away ?

DESPATCH

FROM O. SEE HUSTLE, OF HURLEYVILLE.

HE SENT up his card,
 And followed it hard :
 He appeared in the study,
 With a face full and ruddy ;
 With brusqueness and brains,
 Fresh in from the trains ;
 With moustache and whisker,—
 A lark is not brisker ;—
 With a big burly body,
 And a slight smell of toddy ;
 Rough, stocky, thick-chested,—
 He burst into the study,—
 This man from the West, did.
 “ How are you, old pard ?
 Come, now, let us shake !
 I have come up to make
 To you my regard ;
 For the “ *Bonnie Brier
 Bush,* ” much I admire—
 I heard it from Lizzie ;—
 Now, I see that you're busy, - -
 And busy am I,—
 So, I'll bid y' good-bye !—

I've no time t' talk t' ye,
Because—don't y' see,
I'm booked now, to be
Right off for Drumtochty !
How are ye ?—I'm prime !
—'Tis a cosy, snug den !—
Well, . . so long ! . . . Sometime
I may run in again ! ”
And so, with a laugh,
He straightway was off :
And the leisurely IAN
M'LAREN, replying
To the tingling air,
And the empty chair,
Said : “ Good Sir, thanks to *you*
For this kind interview !
I think I may do---
By just moving your way,---
Double duty to-day.”

WHAT RIGHT ?

WHAT right have I to feast, while others
starve ?
What right to reign, while others toil
and serve ?
What right, to radiant hopes and raptures rare,
While others faint in dungeons of despair ?

JOHN HAY.

AND is he gone, whose diplomatic pen,
With gracious message and decision just,
Had cured the jealous nations of distrust,
Had won Cathay, and made the warlike men
Of Dai Nippon hold us in their ken,
With that respect which Truth alone may
know ?

Who but must mourn to see our Aeneas go!—
Brother of Man, and noblest Citizen !

His were the Virtues, his, the Graces, too ;
Firm planted he his feet in Honor's way ;
Gentle, his heart, his hand—who felt them
knew :

The Statesman's Art was his, the Poet's Lay :
Of such as he the Land he loved has few ;—

Ah ! would that such might make a longer
stay !

GOD'S ALCHEMY.

HOW wondrous is God's alchemy ! How
true
His hand creative to perfection's mark !
The process of the sunshine and the dew ;
The process of the silence and the dark.

THE MEN OF MAINE,

READ AT A CAMP-FIRE AT HAMPDEN, MAINE.

WHEN War's red Dragon rent the Land,
 And set the warrior's heart aflame ;
 When, at Columbia's dread command,
 Her children to defend her came ;
 When, hastening from the East and West,
 To check the rebel boasting vain,
 On to the front her armies pressed,—
They, too, were there—the MEN OF MAINE!

When Gettysburg's now storied field
 In dreadful splendor saw the day,
 And patriot hearts that would not yield—
 A myriad—bled their lives away ;
 When at Antietam brave men sealed
 Their faith and courage 'mid the slain,
 And Union prowess stood revealed,—
They, too, were there - the MEN OF MAINE!

Shiloh they knew, and Malvern Hill,
 And Lookout Mountain's summit high,
 And the dark Wilderness, that still
 Seems to resound War's dreadful cry ;
 Bull Run, Chantilly, Kenesaw,
 With many a fiery hill and plain,—
 Scenes fit to fill the Soul with awe,—
 And *they* were there—the MEN OF MAINE!

Where, downward marching, Sherman's
 men
 Sought freedom by the chainless Sea ;
 Where sped the horse of Sheridan,

Who turned defeat to victory ;
Where Grant moved on with matchless
 might,

With conquering thunder in his train,
Till all his foes were put to flight,—
There *they* were found--the MEN OF
 MAINE !

Where Farragut, thro' storms of fire
 Swept safe, as only sail the brave ;
Where he, whom gentle hearts admire,
 Bold Craven,* sank beneath the wave ;
Where Southern waters sang their song,
 And, answering in thund'rous strain,
Port Hudson's guns roared loud and long,—
 They too were there—the MEN OF MAINE !

Falls there a tear by brave men shed,
 It is a tear of love and pride
For men who, unto Honor wed,
 Like Sidney, grandly fought and died :
They died for all ! Each glorious one
 Shall yet the hearts of all constrain ;
For, where the noblest deeds were done,
 THEY too were there—the MEN OF MAINE !

* Commander Teunis A. M. Craven,—a man, than whom there was never another who so belied the significance of his name,—perished on board the *Tecumseh* in her death grapple with the *Tennessee*. The ship was fast sinking, when Commander Craven and Pilot Collins, understanding the nature of the disaster, instinctively made for the opening leading from the turret chamber, and reached it at the same instant. Ten seconds delay meant death to both ; but Craven stepped back and said, with a heroic courtesy that no one can think of without a thrill : “After you, sir !” The pilot managed to save himself, but the noble Craven went down with his crew.

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When, in the years to come, the dome,
Of Freedom's Pantheon, lifted high,—
Fairer than that of conquering Rome.—
Shall glitter 'neath our Northern sky,
Their names, inscribed in living light,
Shall on its mighty wall remain ;—
There, first among the Sons of Might,
Shall *they* be found—the MEN OF MAINE!

SONNET

UPON SEEING THE AMERICAN FLAG DISPLAYED
TOGETHER WITH THE BANNER OF ENGLAND.

MUSE, while now yon Symbol I survey,
Floating untrammelled on the breeze of morn,
With one that charmed me in mine earlier
day—

That happy Flag whereunder I was born !
How blest the day ! That banner twinned ap-
pears,—

To put the troubled nations all at ease,—
With one which proudly for 'a thousand years '
Hath borne and 'braved the battle and the
breeze !'

In love together let them ride the seas !
Then Freedom may her starry front uprear ;
And, hand in hand, the peaceful Destinies
Shall enter on their undisturbed career ;—
Bearers of blessing unto all mankind,
In everlasting amity conjoined.

EVEN THERE !

IN THE dismal-throated crater
Of Vesuvius, 'tis said,
Once a flower---little frater!---
Lifted up its beauteous head,
'Mid the ash and scoria springing,
Cheerful as a sweet bird singing
In some desert of the dead.

Ah ! this world has many places
Uncongenial and wild,
Where you find sweet upturned faces,
Lonely as the flower that smiled
In the bosom of the crater;
Cheering some forlorn spectator,—
Speaking of the great Creator,
And his presence with His child.

ROOSEVELT.

THE man I honor, who respects his kind,
Though bold of front, oracular, and free;
Whose will is might ; the orbit of whose
mind
Holds him to justice and humanity.

MY CONTENT.

WHEN I stretch my feet to the rocks the
surf at evening whitens,
When I lie at noon on the moss in the
greenwood shade,
Let some sunny tome that with faerie fancy
brightens—
Let some simple Book of Song in my hands
be laid ;—
Something curious, quaint, and sweet,
Writ by Burton, Browne, or Lamb ;

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Songs of Blake, the paraclete,
And whitest Soul of London street ;—
Let me some lov'd strain repeat,
Where like the waves are fancies fleet;
Where the Real,
And the Ideal,
With Love, at Nature's altar meet:—
Then content I surely am!

DOWN IN MAINE.

WHAT is there down in Maine? Why,
skies as blue
As blue can be ; sunshine in Summer
falling

Like golden rain ; the voice of Ocean calling
“ Come, ye who love me, to my arms again !”
Bold Eden lifts her mount above the main ;
Her island fastness holds a thousand beauties !

And never Nature-loving Spirit mute is
Where King Katahdin holds his forest-reign,
'Mid his attendant woods and lakes and streams.

Yea, down in Maine is many a sheltered nook,
And moss-grown farm-house, and lone fish-
er's cot ;

And many a flowery field and garden teems
With fragrance ;—ay, and many a rambling
brook

Goes musically, like a happy thought.

TO TITMARSH.

I AM with you, dear Tit !
When at dinner you sit,
Let there be a plate for me :
Tho' the money I *borry*,
I'll be at that *swarry*.
To-morry, at table at Mitre Court B.

THE AUTOCRATICAL CRITIC.

THE autocratic Critic I detest,
Who snarls upon you, if you do but jest,
Who means to blame, and with a will se-
vere,
Will scourge a breaking sigh, a falling tear.

THE MOUNTAIN PINE.

IF this virtue could be mine—
The courage of the Mountain Pine !
'Nursed by the tempest, should I fear
Grim March, the savage, the austere ?
Nay, God hath bidden it abide
Firm-anchored to the mountain side ;
Fed it on fire and frost,—ah ! then,
It prospered with its regimen !

May I be as the Mountain Pine,
Formed in God's mold, to Nature's line,
With nurturing chemic suns to shed
Their alchemy upon its head ;
With birds to build its boughs among,
With haunting songs to memory sung,
And precious winds to loitering stray,
And bear its sweetness far away.

Grand was it for the Mountain Pine !
It saw the stars at midnight shine ;
The giant Powers that mold its form
Descended in the raging storm ;
The wrestling whirlwind leaped from far ;
It laughed to feel the lightning's scar ;
The gullyng waters swept the glen ;—
Ah ! but the Pine was joyous then !

My Life ! be like the Mountain Pine,
That takes the rock to be a shrine ;
It little needs, it all secures ;
It thrives, it conquers, it endures ;
It rounds itself, in its its content ;
Uprightness is the course it meant ;
Though fed on granite, softly-sweet ;
And with restricted bound, complete.

My Soul ! be like the Mountain Pine,
With breathing of the wind divine,
In whispers deepening at each close,
And answer, as it comes and goes :
That myriad harp aeolian seems
Touched with the music of our dreams ;
So wildly vague, so awful-rare,
It tells me God is speaking there !

SPEAK, THEN !

SPEAK, if you must, and speak the needed
word ;
But, 'midst this Babel, will your voice be
heard ?

Let but the note be brave, the speech be true ;
If silence follows, matters it to you ?

NORWEGIAN NATIONAL HYMN.

The following is a rendering of the National Hymn of Norway, sung at the coronation of King Haakon and Queen Maud.

WE love our own Norse Country,
Her thousand homes we love ;
Furrowed and weather-beaten,
Her front doth forward move :
We love our own Great Mother,
Who gave us noble birth,—
We love her songs and sagas,
Her dreams that gild the earth.
The Country saved by Harald,
And his ranked warriors,—
The Land that Haakon guarded,—
Our love and praise be hers !
Where Oivind once recited
The runes of ancient time,
The glory of her captains,
Her men of deeds sublime.
We love our own Norse Country,—
For her our Fathers stood,—
The Land where Olaf painted
The hallowed Cross with blood ;
Where from the height spake Sverre
Against enslaving Rome ;—
We love our rugged Country,
We'll guard our Northern Home.

SONG OF THE CAMPER.

HO ! for the woods ! Ho ! for the woods-
man's cheer !

The rod, the rifle, and the light canoe ;
The swift pursuit of caribou and deer ;

The flash of salmon from the liquid blue :

Welcome, to our retreat, ye jovial few,
In this, the merriest heyday of the year !

Ho ! for the rush of the descending stream,
Bright in the morning beam !

Ho ! for the shouting crew, the echoing shore !

The rifle's crack, amid the vocal glades ;

The torrent's long reverberating roar ;

The flash of flying gems from paddle-blades ;

The hush of twilight ; the brown, lengthening
shades !

Welcome ! the song, the chorus, the *encore* !

The tale of awe, the laughing repartee—
The evening jollity !

Ho ! for the camp ! Ho ! for the boughy bed !

The welcoming firelight's gleam reflected far,
O'er glassy lake, and leafy tents o'erhead !

Ho ! for companionship of moon and star,

Where sandy coves and pebbly beaches are !

Welcome ! the sylvan board at evening spread,

When merry hunters from their sports return,
To bid the camp-fire burn !

Ho ! for the promised season of delight !

Leave we our plodding, leave our cares be-
hind ;

To the wide woods we take our annual flight ;
Brace we the frame, invigorate the mind :
Come ! ye to Nature genially inclined,
To the free life, the sylvan sound and sight,
The forest's fortune, and the lake's career—
The charm of all the Year.

THANKS, FOR THE YEARS !

On Tuesday, the 12th of May 1908, occurred the thirty-fifth anniversary of the author's marriage, which was also the tenth anniversary of our eldest daughter, Edith, (Mrs. Archer F. Leonard) ; and at a reception given by the members of Faith Congregational Church, at their home, 71 Maringo Park, Springfield, Mass., the following lines were read.

THANKS, for the Years !
The sun-bright years, unstained by tears,
The years of Love's unclouded weather
Since first we took Life's way together :
So many comforts have we had,
How other can we but be glad ?
Grateful, we quell our cares and fears ;—
Thanks, for the Years !

Thanks, for the Years !
All beautiful the Past appears,
Wearing our youth-time, like a crown,
Or evening whan the sun is down ;
With Love, like sweetest flowers that blow,
And purer than Katahdin's snow,
Where he his hoary summit rears :—
Thanks, for the Years !

Thanks, for the Years !

The Future bears a Lamp that cheers ;
A Sun to lighten us, and warm ;
A Rainbow, to o'erspan the storm ;
A Star of Hope, to shine afar,
Above the sunset's crimson bar ;
And the bland heaven its aspect clears :—

Thanks, for the Years !

Thanks, for the Years !

Each in its passing more endears ;
And tender thought and sweet emotion
Come with them, like the surge of Ocean ;
And if sometime may sorrow fall,
We to each other still will call,
And cry to Him who pitying hears :—

Thanks, for the years !

Thanks, for the Years !

All brave and fleet as charioteers ;
And, like our willow-fringed River,*
Steadfast, serene, and failing never,
Still may they onward smoothly glide,
To Life's resplendent eventide ;
Then may we sing from Heaven's high
spheres,—

Thanks, for the years !

* The Connecticut.

A DIRGE UNDER PINE AND PALM

FRANCES LAUGHTON MACE, OBIT, LOS GATOS,
CALIFORNIA, JULY, 20, 1899.*

TO our eyes the Land of the Sun has grown
dimmer,
The Orange and Myrtle have paled in the
gloom ;

I can no longer see the Almond and Olive ;
No more comes the scent of myriad spicy roses ;
No longer I take note of the lines of Eucalyp-
tus ;

The Laurel and the graceful Pepper charm no
more.

There arises a mist from the Sea ; it has hidden
the fir-grove,
And Evening comes fast upon me, laden with
tears.

Our Sister is gone !

The Child of the East and the West, our Singer
has departed !

A soft and gentle Star hath set in the Pacific
wave :

The Harp she hung in the twilight breeze is si-
lent forever ;

The light out of the friendly window is taken
away :

No smiling face looks forth at morning,
No salutation is waved from the door.

* Author of "Legends, Lyrics, and Sonnets," and "Un-
der Pine and Palm." She was a native of Orono, Maine.

We hear her music in the purl of woodland
brooks,

In the wordless chime of sea wave and mountain torrent,

In the thrush's aerial bell tolled in the cedar
vale :

We see her aspiring beauty in the star, and in
the curve of the rainbow ;

We see her tranquil and shining spirit in the
sheen of a sunset sea.

Everywhere saw she God,

Everywhere listened to His voice ;—

Heard it in the vesper chapel of the pines, at
the time of the evening breeze ;

Heard it in the roar of the Sierras:

The midnight litany of cascaded Yosemite ;

In the beat of Ocean on the cliffs of Monhegan ;—

Heard,—and the music entered into her Soul,
To sweeten and deepen her Song.

Toll her a joyful knell, ye Bangor Bells !

Toll her a funeral glee, ye Bells of Los Angeles!

Answer the Bells of the City of God, for they
peal joyously !

Our Sister is liberated.

No longer she looks to the mountains whose
gateways ope toward her loved

Norembega ;

No more her homesick heart shall pine in the
invalid's chair. †

† So a friend found her in her cottage at Los Gatos; and coming away he plucked some orange blossoms from her garden, a few of which he sent to me.

From the West to the East nevermore a wafted
message,
Nor tender thought from the East to the West
again ;—
Only from out the sky the gleam of a waved
white hand.

Yet the Land of the dusk-browed Orono § can-
not forget the Singer
Who sang his legended glories ;
Though the stately Muse may tread her native
fields no more !
Thou, Piscataquis, chattering over thy pebbles,
and gushing down thy waterbreaks,
wilt not forget her ;
Thou, Black Cap, wilt rear thy maple beacons
for her !
Castine, and ye Desert Isle, her name is writ-
ten upon you ;
Penobscot breathes a sigh in his reeds, from
his sandy reaches, and along his
steepy shores ;
Katahdin utters a moan ; Kineo lets fall a tear ;
While far in the South the Palm tree answers
to the Pine tree's lamentation.

They of her own Land are saying :—
Whither has she gone, our soft-voiced, our
white-hearted,—
Whither, with Israfil, her beloved ?
Where is she who sang the Song of Kinalo ?

§ The Indian Chief who gave his name to her
native town.

214 The Birds Of The Cross.

Where is our Exile beyond the Western
Mountains ?

Where is she who thro' the homesick wear-
ful day was *only waiting*

For the glimmer of sunset ?

And a Voice out of the Sunset replies :

She is gone !

Our Sister of the sweet voice sings no more ;

Our Daughter of the Beautiful Word has de-
parted !

Rest thee, blest Spirit !

Stilled on Death's river the turbulent foam :

Thou hast arrived at thy permanent home ;

Thou dost inherit

The house whose foundation securely is laid ;

Thy scope is yon cope—

The azute, the infinite dome.

Rest thee, blest Spirit !

Thy brow has the garland of merit ;

Thy song is the Song of Salvation !

Thou seest thy Savior, thou markest the
wounds

Of His love and His passion,—and, hark !—it
resounds,—

Hosanna ! Hosanna !

From the tongues of a glorified nation !

Rest thee, blest Spirit !

Sadness and sorrow can never invade

The heart's habitation :

No mornings that break

Shall have power to wake
The trance whose glad rapture hath blest thee;
The peace shall ne'er cease,
That thy heart doth pervade,
That with its soft hand hath caressed thee;
And thy heart hath forgotten to ache.

With the antheming throng,
Thou takest thy place;
With God's light on thy face,
Thou joinest the Song,
And the garment of white doth invest thee.

Rest thee,—

Rest thee,—

Rest!

No tears, no woes, no night!
Pure, beautiful Soul, thou hast found thy de-
delight!

Enter thy rest!

MARCHING SONG



STRIKE, ye brave, and strike, ye true!
There's a high mark set before ye!
Answer, my heart, to the call for you,—
To the bugle-note of Glory!

*And march along—O march along,—
Tho' the road be dusty and rough and long;
O march to the tramp of the valiant throng,
To the sound of the cheer, and the sound of
the song,
And the bugle-note of Glory!*

O strike, ye brave—O strike, ye true !
Till the heart of a wrong be riven :
Be not content with an arrow or two,—
Let a dozen home be driven !

*O march along—O march along,—
Let the hand be ready, the heart be strong;
O march to the tramp of the marching
 throng,
To the sound of the cheer, and the sound of
 the song,
And the bugle-note of Glory!*

O strike, ye brave—O strike, ye true !
Like the Captains of old story :
Empty your quivers, like men who drew
Their bow upon Evil hoary !

And march along—O march along,—
To the trumpet-blare, and the clang of gong,
March on to the battle with ranking Wrong,
For we move thro' strife toward the Land
of Song,
To the bugle-note of Glory!

MOTHER ! MOTHER !

Mother ! Mother ! what is this ?
 Anna Boynton Averill.



OTHER! Mother! *what is this!*
 Silence on thy lips to-day,
 Paleness on thy cheek! Ah, say,
 Whither—whither art thou gone?
 —To that lovely Land of Dawn

Wert thou called from us away ?---
To that Land of Rest and Cheer,
Where the Blest shall see and hear
All that long their heart desired,
While they wrought and toiled and tired?
—Mother ! what is this strange sleep,
That hath held thee, heart and hand,—
What, that lasting silence, deep,
Which we cannot understand ?

Mother ! Mother ! what is this ?

Since that snowy April day
Thou hast vanished quite away.
Well I know the lone hill-side
Where our parted kin abide. .
Often, when the grass is green,
Often, when the daisies blow,
Oft, when crimson leaves are seen,
Oft, when drifts the winter snow,
Wakeful, on my couch of pain,
I survey the place again,
I salute each sacred mound,—
Stoop to kiss the hallowed ground.
Yet I know thou art not there ;
And my eager heart cries,— *Where?*
Silence—vacancy ! I miss
What my heart so ill can spare !
—Mother ! Mother ! what is this ?

But I will not dream of woe,
Such as cannot pass away ;

Nor of tempest without calm,
Nor of grief without its balm :
Thou hast reached the purer day,
Where no darkness may befall ;
And the Lord, who loveth all,
Careth for us—sees and hears,
And will mark our falling tears.
Thou art in the Land of Love,
Thou art in the Home above,
Where the Good forever be,
Where the Happy welcome thee !
Far from sorrow, far from pain,
There, when we shall meet again,
May I cry, in maze of bliss,
Mother ! Mother ! what is this ?

THANKS FOR YOUR SONG

TO DR. BENJAMIN F. LEGGETT,* OF WARD, PA.
UPON HAVING RECEIVED A COPY OF
HIS "OUT DOOR POEMS."

THANKS, for your song, my brother ! I've
listened your word of cheer,
And dreamed the dream of your spirit thro'
many a varying year ;
You have led me, and I have followed, as one
who has little care,
But in paths of sweetness and safety, and by
waters still and fair ;
You have taught me the joy of the faithful, the
the earnest of all things pure,
The pleasures that do not perish, the joys that
ever are sure,

* Author of "A Sheaf of Song" ; "A Tramp In Switzerland ;" "An Idyl of Lake George," and other works. There is also reference to some fraternal stanzas written by Dr. Leggett, and sent to the author in response to his song entitled, "Old St. Andrews."

The peace of the heart of Nature, of valley and
mountain dome,
The wide, wild joys of the woodland, and the
tender joys of home.

Thanks, for your song, my brother ! You turn
my thoughts away
To scenes that lie in the distance, and deeds of
an earlier day ;
You bring back the sweet old visions of love
and of poesy,
In a quaint old town that lieth adown by the
summer Sea :
The wharves and the roofs and the spires, I see
them as in that day,
The ruddy bluffs and the beaches, and the sun-
ny waves of the Bay ;
The coves, the mountains, the lighthouse, the
steamer, making the pier,—
Your genie-song sings, *presto!* and lo! the vis-
ion is here !

Thanks, for your song, my brother ! You tell
why the scene is dear,
And the halo of memory deepens thro' shad-
owy year on year ;
For you know the bliss of the lover, and to
dream you are not afraid,
Though the world may scoff at a graybeard,
who goes sighing back to a maid :
Ah! we remember the longing of Love for the
draught divine,
Before the hour that witnessed aloud---*Thou
art mine !—I am thine !*
And to-day we declare that on earth, or beyond,
in the heavens above,
There is nothing purer nor sweeter than a wo-
man's wonderful love.

Thanks for your song, my brother ! May Song
and Love remain,
As long as you walk in the sunshine or feel the
touch of the rain ;
To life's utmost hour may music in your inner-
most heart abide,
And the feet of a gentle woman go travelling
by your side :
And when for us life's anthem is drawing to it's
close,
And the eyes of lover and singer shut to their
long repose,
May they ope on the grand, sweet Vision, and
find the same joys to be
On Heaven's eternal Mountain, as down by our
Summer Sea.

TO WINDSOR, NOVA SCOTIA.

UPON ITS PARTIAL DESTRUCTION BY FIRE.

UT of thine ashes phoenix-like arise,
My fair Acadian town ! 'Tis good to know
That, like the wind-swept flame that laid
thee low,

Aspires thy courage. Thou shalt realize
That vantage of misfortune, the emprise
Of hardy spirits toiling against fate.
Yet shall be thine a goodly, high estate
In years to come, 'neath thine auspicious skies.
Rise, then, triumphant! Hope will bid thy spires
Again point whither thy true hearts ascend !
Rise, purified and garnished from thy fires !

May guardian Powers thy new made walls defend !
Stand, till the years bring thy deserved renown,
Sheltering thy loyal Sons—my fair Acadian
Town !

THE POET'S FAREWELL.

IN MEMORY OF ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

FAIR wast thou unto him, thou orb of glory
That thro' my lonely window shines !
Dappling the walls with splendor hoary
Yet not with his thine ancient fire declines.

Fair was the twilight, with its touch so tender,
Its rising stars and falling dew ;
Fair was thy changeful orb, of milder splendor,
O Queen of skies that charmed his pensive
view !

And thou, beloved Earth ! thy face adorning,
With mother-smiles he may not see ;
Once would he hail thy pomp of purple morn-
ing,
And throbbed for him each flower-sprinkled
lea.

For, when his heart was lifted to thy mount-
ains
To hear their piny harps at play,
Who heard so well ? But, ah ! ye hills, ye
fountains,
Other shall list the mystic words ye say !

He heard your voice, O Sea ! His Soul did bor-
row,
When your deep organ pealed on high,

From moaning waves the symbol of all sorrow
The haunting accent, the eternal sigh.

Tears fill their eyes by his majestic river,*
Where walked the brother-poets twain; †
Others, may sing our songs, but *he* will never
Charm us with the old witchery again.

And well he loved you, Friends, whose fond re-
plying
To love oft gave assurance new;
Ye mourn a bard beloved, whose song undying
Shall charm the land where late he said,—
Adieu!

But Love and Song with him are still victorious;
On that white shore his music sweet
Soundeth to Beauty, showing ever glorious
The stately stepping of her radiant feet.

There look for him, O weeping wife and mother!
Ye little children, in your tears!
Ye poets, lonely left without your brother!—
Your minstrel's memory his song endears.

“Farewell,” he sighed, “ye hopes I once would
cherish,
When hearts were light and fancies new;
Ye dreams, like gorgeous flowers that bloom
to perish,
Ye lingering loves, a fond and last adieu!”

* The Ottawa.

† Lampman and Duncan Campbell Scott.

ON A SPRING MORNING

BRIGHTEN, O Day ! Lighten, O, Sun !
Whimble, ye ponds, and breathe, ye South
wind !

Glitter and run,

O ye silver-crinkled streams !

Waken from your winter dreams,

O Earth ! Hear God's great word, and life
and gladness find !

Now, over fields wide-winging,

O birds, fill all the air with jocund singing !

For now, at last,

The stormy Winter is over and past !

The clouds do soften, the leaves are expand-
ing,

And Ocean now speaks in a tone less command-
ing ;

The swallows are glancing on every hand,

And the sound of the turtle is heard in the
land.

A wakened world is on the wing,—

And, hark ! I hear the blue-bird sing,

It is Spring ! It is Spring !

IN ARCADY

TO HENRY W. HOPE AND CHARLES H. COLLINS.

◎ FRIENDS, in Arcady now sojourning !
With charmed hands the hallowed bread
ye break,

In joy that one doth from his fellow take,

That he again an answering joy may bring.

Marry your souls with Truth's celestial ring,

While Nature seals the sweet solemnity,
And Paint's* soft waters wander placidly,
And smile, o'erswept by many a glancing wing.
Hark ! o'er the cliffs the fays are whispering,
Under the laughing leaves clustering apart :
The dens and caves with a wild music ring,
While forest elves before your footsteps start ;
—Or, hear I human tones of those who sing
The old, “ old songs, the music of the heart ? ”

PICKING THE PEARS



BLITHE, the joyous morning,
When the ripening time is done,
And all the fragrant orchard
Is mellowing in the sun ;
When purple-vested Autumn
His sweetest aspect wears,
And the hands are out and ready
For the picking of the pears.

O the blossom-time is beauteous,
When the pear tree, like a bride,
Odorous as with airs of Eden,
Decks herself in pearly pride ;
When Hope blooms with every blossom,
That the vernal season bears,
As we think of fruitful Autumn,
And the picking of the pears.

And in long days of Summer,
When the warm West wind heaves,
With a rustling, mirthful music,
Her soft garniture of leaves ;
Fair the glancing lights and shadows,

* A beautiful river in the cliff and cave district of Highland County, Southern Ohio.

And the lightsome twinkling airs ;
For they bring the glad time nearer,
And the picking of the pears.

When the golden thrush is singing,
And the twittering swallow flies ;
When the hang-bird thro' the branches
His glittering shuttle plies ;
When the tumbling bobolink's laughter
Wakes the meadow unawares ;
Soon the glad time will be coming
For the picking of the pears.

Come, now, my grave, dark Rhoda,
Come now, bright Rosalie !
The yellow-tinted beauties
Hang high on every tree :
And come, my limber Harold,
The topmost branch who dares,
With basket and with ladder,
For the picking of the pears !

Last year came Pearl and Ruby,
And Ruth, and Little John ;
But the sweet Child of Pity
Forever now is gone :
One thought, amid mirth's madness
To the friends of otherwheres ;—
We must drop the tear of memory
At the picking of the pears.

The Autumn leaves are flying,
The hoar-frost bites the lawn ;
The bugle-call of Winter
Sounds in the early dawn :
Thank God, for gathered harvests,
And the good that each one shares !
And for Love, that makes us joyful,
At the picking of the pears !

"FOLLOW THE GLEAM."

WHY should we follow every wandering
fire ?

The Star that led the Sages through
the night,
And brought them safely to their Souls' desire,
Will lend our wayward feet its certain light.

No marsh-born gleam toward which we vain-
ly grope,

No midnight meteor falling from afar,—
Illusive mocker of adventurous Hope,—
Can light us like that well-appointed Star !

For how shall travellers the desert dread,
Falter for doubt, or haste for fear, their flight,
Who watch that azure palace overhead,
Where, million-lit, sits Stella, beaming bright,
Saying to those whose eyes with tears are dim,
"HE cometh! Let the world be glad for HIM!"

THE DREAM-DOOR.

IN the time of gray hairs and dimming eyes,
When all the house was silent,
And the spectral leaves rustled not,
And all but the voice of the brook had left my
ear;

When alone I sat in my chair by the window,
And saw the evening star above the belt of sun-
set,

And mused on sainted loves and hallowed
faces,
Until I slept:

Then came one gently knocking at the Dream-
door :

My heart leaped, my pulse quickened ;

I arose and answered the summons :
There stood my Father !
He held my smiling Sister by her hand,—
The little Joanna.

Blue and soft were her eyes,
And fair her face as the bloom of the Easter lily,
—The Child that my Father loved ;
And her curling hair was as full of gold
As in the years when last I saw it,—
The years when mine was dark.
Then when I looked upon my Father's face, it
 was radiant with joy,—
With love was it transfigured ;
And the light that shone there was the light I
 saw
When on the border of two worlds we parted.

Then a mingled thrill of joy and of pain smote
 through me,
And to clasp him I tried, and I cried aloud, "*O*
 Father !"
He looked at me sweetly, but answered not ;
And then he stooped and looked in the face of
 my little Sister,
As I had seen him look in the years that are
 long past,—
Yet now with a diviner spirit of content.
Then his aspect changed ;
The forms of both grew thin and dim till they
 vanished away.

And now, when the Dream-door was closed
And I was fully awake,
I sat with a burning heart,
And my eyes were uplifted to the stars ;

My spirit arose like the lark when he springs to
 meet the sun o'er the mountain ;
And with a glance at the past and a longing
 gaze into the future,
My heart was no longer lonely, no longer sor-
 rowful.

THE CHILDLESS

'**M**ONG firry boughs her nimble hands
 Had wrought to deck the Christmas
 Tree ;
And she had laughed among her girls
 With girlish gaiety.

They were her pets,— her Sabbath Class,
 All lasses bright of sweet sixteen :
Together they the chancel hung
 With sprays of holly green.

She had sent loving gifts of cheer
 To some in poverty who bide ;--
Sweet flowers, and sweeter words, to such
 As Fortune had denied.

Then while the twinkling neighbor-stars
 'Mid the blue dusk did smiling meet,
She went to her own silent house
 Along the silent street.

She saw the many-lighted homes,
 Where everything was seeming fair ;
Saw happy mothers smile serene
 On happy children there.

She heard their ringing voices sound,
She caught the merry note of glee ;
She saw them clasp their mother's neck,
And climb their father's knee.

Then o'er her shuddering spirit rushed
A vision dark,—a scene of woe ;—
An empty cradle hid away,
A grave beneath the snow.

Then when unto her house she came,
To ope and shut the shadowy door,
She felt the old-time loneliness
More deeply than before.

Over her yearning spirit rushed
A sudden flood of feeling wild :
"O God, who lovest !" cried she, "say,
Am I, indeed, *Thy* child ?

"Then know'st thou what a mother feels,
Whose heart has been so deeply riven ;
O tell me of the little child
That once to me was given !

"How like a blessed Paradise
That home," she cried, "to-night must be
Where children clasp a mother's neck,
And climb a father's knee !

My hungry heart with infant love
And mirth Thou hast not brightened so :
O God of Mothers ! knowest Thou
A childless woman's woe ?"

There, crouched in that unlighted room,
While deeper shadows round her crept,
The childless woman bowed her head,
And bitterly she wept.

But soon she dashed away her tears
In haste, as if she deemed them shame,
And wore again a smiling face
Before her husband came.

TO A FRIEND

AT THE HOLIDAY SEASON, AFTER THE DEATH
OF HIS WIFE.

Mrs. Ada Ward, beloved wife of O. C. Ward, died suddenly on the train, near Ellsworth, while being conveyed from the Maine Eastern Hospital, at Bangor, to her home at Cherryfield.

I THINK of thee, my Friend, this sun-
bright morning,
And tears come to mine eyes, that thine
o'erflow ;

For she is in my mind who, without warning
Was reft from thee, a little time ago.

Sister of ours we deemed her—one beloved,
Nor loved the less that she is seen no more,—
To that blest home her Savior gave removed,—
So fondly hailed at Christmastides of yore.

Blithe is the morn that breaks her peaceful
slumber,

Glad her clear dawning and her matin glow ;
Angelic songs, in many a happy number,
Announced her advent from this world of woe.

I look without—the snow the cold earth covers;
White o'er her mound its winding sheet is
spread :

I shiver !—On such days our fancy hovers,
Shrinking and trembling, o'er our buried
dead.

And yet they feel no more the frosty rigor ;
Theirs is the ever-sweetly-tempered clime
Where souls faint not, but feel eternal vigor;—
Yet, oh ! our thoughts return to that sad time !

Then fields were warm and bright, with daisies
blooming ;

Then birds sang sweetly, all the world seem'd
gay ;

She languished on the road while homeward
coming ;—

Ah ! she reached home before you, on that day !

Lonely, that home, and sad thy heart, my brother,

While now returns the merrie Christmastide;
Yet think not of *this* day, but of *that other*,
When she shall be thy pure celestial bride.

O then, where Death comes not, whence Grief
is banished,

Where Sorrow' bitter tears fall nevermore,
O may we meet familiar faces vanished,
And dwell with loved ones on that happy
shore !

SONG

FROM NEHILAKIN, AN OKANAGAN LEGEND.

DREAMING—soft dreaming !
Such magical seeming
To bind us, were better
Than the Moon's pearly fetter,
Or the gold chain of Day.

Dreaming—soft dreaming !
Each mellow ray beaming,
Our fancy will carry
On lightsome wing aery :—
Let us up and away !

UNDER DEATH.

I WAS a child who, at the darkest hour
Of midnight, with chill'd heart and bated
 breath,
Fell under the vast Shadow we call, Death,
Vanquished alone by that dismaying Power !
Cowering in that dark cave I lay forlorn,
'Mid blight and ravin ; when a Voice severe
Spake : "Of thy fond companions find none
 here,
Where Silence dwells, and never wakes the
 morn."
There, in that awful vigil did my Soul
Ask for life's longest lease.
 I since have wept,
And called on Death, where in his narrow homes
Bide my companions.
 Now that dream of dole
Is broken where Death's wounded Conqueror
 slept :
Shall I not meet *Him*, when the summons
 comes ?

O, MARY !

◎ MARY ! the Mother of Mothers,
That bare the Lover of me,
Pray for my Soul while thou sittest
With the Christ-Child on thy knee !
By the blessed Cross and Cradle
Suffer me not to despair ;
For I was a little baby,
And my Mother held me there.

THE SPUR.

THOU dullard Heart, awake ! O Soul, take
fire
With passionate delight to feel, to see,
The Sky's immaculate virginity,
The Earth's warm beauty. These pure joy in-
spire !
Indulge no shallow thought, no mean desire.
O Eyes anointed, Ears unstopped ! for thee
The World attuned, transfigured, hear and
see !
What God hath made and bless'd thou may'st
admire.
How canst thou let the favoring day go by,
And all its golden freight slip in the Sea ?
The sunsets blaze, the forests bloom for
thee ;
But ere thou comest, lo ! they fade and die !
Thou tread'st a land of wonder, little knowing
What flowers are waking, and what streams
are flowing.

ISRAFIL.

THE Angel comes ! His robe is grey,
His wings are of the night,
And half his face is turned away,—
But, ah ! his face is bright !
He seemed the saddest one who knew
And loved the Seraphim ;
But I must haste to bid adieu,
And go away with Him.

His face He turns—he smileth !
Was sunset e'er so fair,
Or all the lights of rainbow heights
Piled in the golden air ?
He speaks !—was ever music
Of lyre so silver-sweet ?
Did Raphael move with statelier grace
Down Heaven's emblazoned street ?

The Angel gives his hand to me,—
The Angel is my friend ;
He saith,—“ That one who comes to thee
The loving God did send.
I come to lead thee thro' Death-Gloom
To height of Glory-Land.” . .
Yet on this brink of glorious doom
Irresolute I stand.

“ 'Tis not the marbled mountains,
With icy spire and boss,—
'Tis not the ruthless river
My Soul doth fear to cross ;
I sigh to leave my dear ones
Upon the hither shore,—
I shrink to range the fields of change,
'Mid scenes untried before.”

“ Ah ! did you know whither you go,—”
The Angel softly said,—
You would not linger trembling so,
Nor view the way with dread :
The old and weary ones are free
From sorrows and alarms ;
And little children come to me,
And nestle in my arms.

“ No trace of tears a-falling,
In all that crystal sphere ;
No cry of pain from wild heart slain,
Thro’ all the blissful year :
The blessed ones they gather
Upon that happy shore,
And wives the necks of husbands clasp,
And none shall part them more.”

FREDERICK LAWRENCE KNOWLES

INSCRIBED IN MY COPY OF HIS BOOK, “ON
LIFE’S STAIRWAY.”

THIS is the Poesy of Love and Youth,
With Hope a-tip-toe, (Age he never knew ;)
Yet Beauty’s holiest impulse, radiant Truth
Divinest Vision, ’mergent to the view,
Controlled him.

Eros tripped upon the dew,
Hand-linked with Psyche, when he lit the
morn—
That bright Apollo ! and the Graces, too,
And Virtues, came with gifts, when he was
born.

Celestial Music waked his infant heart,
And whispered mystic words : “ A holier birth
Awaits thee : sprinkled be thy sacred art
In consecration : thou art not for Earth :

'Tis Heaven alone that knows the Poet's worth,
'Tis Heaven that calls for rapturous minstrelsy;
Yet, leave some witching notes to charm their
 dearth,
When o'er the strings thy hand no longer wan-
 ders free.

Thy unstained life was laid, like a white flower
In the warm hand of God. His Angel said :
" Earth, view its fairness, taste its sweet an
 hour ;
Then, Heaven, 'tis thine."—And, lo ! its bloom
 is shed !
Rejoice ! where Blossom-Souls are gathered,
Plucked from our blighting soil, to unison
With Life, and to Eternal Beauty wed,
Is he, whom we have named, the Dead,
And to dominion of Love's blissful Sun.

We miss that perfect rapture from the air,
The certain touch that could our heart enthrall,
The daring word that mounts, to our despair,
When we would answer to its luring call:
Lark-like, or swan-like the rich bird-notes all,
As when they drop them, seeking each his nest;
His touches delicate as fingers fall,
Of mothers, when the babe is at the breast.

Apollo, who shall be thy melodist,
Or who shall make the Sacred Muse his care ?
Who shall improve the Pipe, the Lyre assist,
And unrebuked the Gods' green laurel wear,
To make it brighter ? . . .

 Ah ! sweet lutanist !

The broken instrument who shall repair ?
On Earth 'tis silent. But—O Spirit blest !
That new harp soundeth. God hath given thee
 there !

LINES

WRITTEN IN A GUEST-BOOK FOUND IN THE
CHAMBER OF A FRIEND'S HOUSE,
IN WHICH THE AUTHOR SPENT
THE NIGHT.

LET us not sleep,
Howe'er with toils and cares we
weary be,
Until we look, O loving Lord ! to Thee,
And cry,—“ O Lord, have mercy upon me !
In Life, in Death, in Immortality,
My Soul forever keep ! ”

THE FLIGHT OF TYRANTS.

WRITTEN ON THE INTERVENTION IN THE CAUSE
OF CUBA.

If the great gods be just, they shall assist
The deeds of justest men.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE bright Antilles shall be free,—
Columbia speaks the word !
The Islands of the Eastern Sea
Have Freedom's bugle heard.
Tyrants, your destined hour is nigh !
Fight ye like hawks ; like hawks ye fly,
Like hawks ye dart upon your prey,—
The weak, the faint, the helpless slay.
Let Freedom rise to strike *her* blow !—
Go,—go,—go !

Ho ! Tyrants. leave your quaking thrones,
With trembling lips and dumb !
Rejoice, ye People ! Time atones !
Rejoice ! *Your hour is come !*
The worth of MAN the Proud must learn :

Ye banished Patriot, return !
The prison door be open thrown ;
Ye heart oppressed, no longer groan.
O ye, who make their blood to flow,—
Go,—go, go !

The meek, the wise, the kind, shall rule,
The proud shall rule no more ;
Your hour has struck, your cup is full,—
The measure runneth o'er !
Let God be King,—Can ye not see,
Beyond Heaven's azure canopy,
How Mercy dwells with Power ? how Love
Hath force the guilty to remove ?
Resist not HIM, whose sword is nigh,—
Fly,—fly,—fly !

Ye cannot beckon back the dawn,
Ye cannot bar the day ;
The Car of Destiny moves on,—
And will ye block the way ?
Still in the chariot of your pride
Will ye ingloriously ride ?
And shall not Christ, the Captive's Friend,
His Faithful from your wrath defend ?
Depart ! His prowess ye must know,—
Go,—go,—go !

Your day hath saddened long the sun,
And made the moon look pale ;
Like mountain streams our blood has run,
To fatten every vale ;
Justice went startled from your throne ;
Mercy and Ruth ye have not known ;
For Comfort, ye gave Misery,
For Freedom, lorn Captivity ;
Gibbets and Chains, for Liberty !
To learn your duty ye are slow ;—
Go,—go,—go !

Go ! Belgian, Turk, and Muscovite !
Go ! Tyranny of Spain !
Go ! ye red hands, that hold no right !
Go ! scaffold, knout, and chain !
Go ! ye who stir the heart to hate,—
Triflers and hypocrites of State,
who brew, while ye must dread, the storm,
And promise what ye ne'er perform !
The wind of God begins to blow,—
Go,—GO,—GO !

Be not Revenge the Hero's cry,—
'Tis Mercy bears the rod ;
Truth cometh downward from on high,
And Justice is of God.
He wills no Slave to tread His field ;
No base blood blisters on His shield ;
His stainless Flag goes floating o'er
The gladdening seas, from shore to shore ;
He bids the foes of Liberty
To Flee,—FLEE,—FLEE!

ENVOY

TO MY BOOK.

GO thou, th' eternal way, unseen, unknown,
Where oft my Hopes, and oft my Fears
have flown ;
Where Dreams have paled to crumbling nothingness,
And Art is perished in the vast abyss !
What matters Lethe's wave a thought more
nigh
Thee than another ?—*All are born to die.*



